T O T A L R E C A L L

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

All we can see, filling the entire frame, is a FLAME-ORANGE SKY...almost like the sky from the burning of Atlanta in "Gone With The Wind."

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENTER CREDIT

PAN DOWN LOWER AND LOWER

until we can see the terrain below... the desert. There is visibility for miles.

In the f.g. can be seen a carpet of SAND: vast, swelling reaches of SAND. It is RUST-ORANGE in color. The SUN is also a blazing ball of orange. We may now notice that though the sky is cloudless, a number of RAINBOWS seem to be projected -- but even stranger, the RAINBOWS are projected not only across the sky -- but also ACROSS THE GROUND.

SUPERIMPOSE: FROM THIS POINT ON AT INTERVALS THE BALANCE OF THE FILM'S "FRONT" CREDITS.

As the CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE RAPIDLY, the projected RAINBOWS CHANGE PRISMATICALLY, revealing that: they are being CAUSED by the sunlight REFLECTING through an ENORMOUS, CLEAR PLASTIC DOME -- which we can NOW SEE -- apparently MILES IN THE DISTANCE. We see it like one sees a large mountain -- far, far off in the distance.

Now, something else comes into view: a huge SPHINX-LIKE STRUCTURE. (Except it is different than the sphinx we are familiar with... both its "body" and "face" are a design we have never seen before -- a completely strange gargoyle creation.)

VERY HIGH AERIAL SHOT

which establishes clearly that the SPHINX STRUCTURE is many, many miles away from the CLEAR PLASTIC DOME.

SLOW ZOOM in CLOSER to SPHINX STRUCTURE: its "eyes" appear to be RED GEMS.

As we MOVE IN CLOSER AND CLOSER TOWARDS THE "EYE", we can see they are not huge red gems, but: STAINED RED GLASS WINDOWS... as in a temple, except all the panes are red, instead of multi-colored.

CAMERA MOVES IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS ("EYES")

and we are immediately immersed in an eerie, dense red glow. Suddenly, from deep within it comes the SOUND of a powerful

EXPLOSION, followed by ANOTHER and ANOTHER and ANOTHER and ANOTHER, each one SOUNDING as if it is CLOSER to us than the last. There is a heavy METALLIC CRASH and ECHO that is part of each explosion that makes it sound as if the first explosion built up tremendous pressure that is now blowing out a series of air locks or some sort of heavy doors.

INT. CATACOMBS BELOW "SPHINX" - DAY

A MAN wearing a WHITE SKINDIVER'S SUIT is RUNNING THROUGH THIS labyrinth of TUNNELS. We cannot clearly make out his face, especially since he wears some kind of BREATHING APPARATUS over a portion of it.

The surface of the tunnel's "walls" are curious; they are again, bright reddish orange, and a composite of two different substances: rough-textured clay-like material, and red quartz, which glistens like crystal.

The MAN throws a backward glance over his shoulder, fearfully, as he runs. Because of the RED GLOW and the air of FEAR to the man, there is almost a SATANIC suggestion to the scene. (We may or may not notice the GUN on his hip.)

HERE, SHOULD BE SUPERIMPOSED, MAIN TITLE:

TOTAL RECALL

HOLD.

The ENTIRE SCREEN GOES RED, BUT IN REVERSE NEGATIVE; with YELLOW LAY-OVERS. (So that all the images we see -- ENTIRE FRAME -- are SMALL YELLOW AREAS diffused on a RED BACKGROUND.) It is much like looking at a tableau made out of molten lava.

EXT. SPHINX STRUCTURE - DAY

An ENTRANCE to the SPHINX STRUCTURE that had been undetectable now SLIDES OPEN at its center, BETWEEN the two giant PAWS.

A fraction of a second later the final (and LOUDEST) EXPLOSION is HEARD. This time the explosion is accompanied by a tremendous outrush of smoke, flame and debris blowing out through the small opening of the doorway, like a rocket exhaust. Even against this tremendous force, the entrance door now slides slowly and smoothly shut. The WHOOSH of the exhaust becomes HIGHER and HIGHER PITCHED as the DOOR CLOSES, until all is suddenly as COMPLETELY STILL as it was before the explosions.

The CAMERA PANS --

-- moving over the trail of smoking debris that was blown out of the SPHINX STRUCTURE. The REMAINDER of the important TITLES are interspersed through this shot and the next.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TRUCKING SLOWLY

directly over the trail of debris. Two PARALLEL RUTS begin and continue past fragments of twisted metal lying on the sand.

CAMERA ANGLES AHEAD AND UPWARD

to reveal the BACK OF A PERSON, CRAWLING TOWARDS an enclosed dune buggy-like vehicle. The RUTS in the ground were caused by his dragging knees. He is the man in the wet-suit.

He pulls himself into the vehicle and starts it. It is electric and WHINES very faintly. He steadies himself behind the wheel and drives off abruptly -- and fast -- leaving a great WAKE of DUST.

HIGHER ANGLE - VEHICLE - DESERT

It moves along rapidly over the desert; from this angle we can see that it has a bizarre-looking, huge, corkscrew-like nose for its front end. Suddenly, startlingly, it BURROWS ITS NOSE DOWNWARD, RIGHT INTO THE SAND, boring a tunnel for itself into the ground. Apparently it continues to move along UNDERGROUND -- because we see a long, narrow MOUND-TRAIL forming on the sand, moving rapidly... but in a few moments the mound-trail DISCONTINUES and the sand is undisturbed once more.

END TITLES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM IN SMALL APARTMENT - DAWN

CLOSE - MAN SLEEPING

PULL BACK TO WIDER ANGLE:

WALTER QUAIL and his wife, KIRSTEN, are both asleep in the bed. The CLOCK CHIMES and begins to speak in a soft, feminine voice.

CLOCK
Tick, tock, six o'clock
Get out of bed, sleepy head.

They do not stir. After a moment, the clock CHIMES again.

CLOCK
Tick, tock, six o'clock
Time to rise, sleepy eyes.

Still no response.

CLOCK (CONT'D)
Tick, tock, six-oh-one
Time to get up, the day has begun.

Quail's wife stirs. The clock CHIMES a fourth time.

CLOCK (CONT'D)
Tick tock --

Quail reaches out and shuts the clock off. Then he sits up in bed.

He swings his legs out from under the covers and sits on the edge of his bed. He puts on his glasses and then sits, lost in thought.

His wife pulls on her robe, sits fishing for her slippers.

QUAIL
I dreamed about Mars... It was so real...

KIRSTEN
So it's that time of year again, is it?

QUAIL
Time of year?

KIRSTEN
Just like clockwork. Twice a year we get Mars. Walter Quail's obsession. For twelve years you've been talking about Mars.

QUAIL
People do go to Mars, you know.

KIRSTEN
That's right, Walter. People go to Mars. But not you. Not us.

QUAIL
Why not us?

KIRSTEN
(disdainful)
The way we could afford to go, it's not worth going at all. As it is, we can barely scrape by on your lousy ten thousand a week.

He says nothing, merely meditates on what she said, depressed.

Then, after a few beats, he gets on the floor and prepares to do his exercises.

KIRSTEN
What are all those weird, kinky exercises you always do? I've never seen anyone exercise like that.

QUAIL
I think I got those from my dad, when I was a kid growing up. He was quite an athlete.

KIRSTEN
(derisive)
Your father was a contortionist with the circus. The most athletic thing he ever accomplished was wrapping his feet behind his back and walking on his knees, for God's sake!

QUAIL
(amused)
I can do that. Want to see?

KIRSTEN
(coldly)
Spare me.

She gets up and leaves the room as Quail begins his exercise routine.

INT. DOORWAY OF APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Quail, dressed now, opens his apartment door, reaches down and picks up a PLASTIC CARD (that is delivered through a PNEUMATIC CHUTE in the hallway).

INT. KITCHENETTE - DAY

Quail enters, scraping his teeth with the plastic card. His wife is pouring coffee. They both sit down; she starts eating, Quail places the card in a microfilm viewer. The card is a newspaper. He drinks his coffee.

One of the inside pages is on the VIEWER SCREEN as Quail studies it with the air of a man who has his nose "stuck in the newspaper," ignoring his wife. His frumpy, drab clothes and manner suggest nothing so much as a Dagwood Bumstead of the future.

CLOSE - NEWSPAPER

The legend on top (name of newspaper) is LOSANCISCO TIMES. The headline reads: "Four Women Rape Man in Park."

KIRSTEN
(mumbling)
What do they expect -- the way men dress nowadays... Then they scream rape.

QUAIL
(starting to eat)
What did you say, dear?

KIRSTEN
(flatly)
Nothing.

QUAIL
(he continues to eat, but switches off the viewer screen)
You know -- let's really do it.

KIRSTEN
Do what?

QUAIL
Go to Mars. I've got some sick leave coming, besides my regular vacation.

KIRSTEN
(perverse)
Walter -- you're talking like an idiot.
(beat)
First place, a war could break out any day -- while we're there! Second: do you know how many things we need, before we need a trip to your goddamned Mars?

QUAIL
I happen to think a trip like that could be meaningful to our marriage at this stage.

KIRSTEN
A better job would be a lot more meaningful to our marriage.
... If you had taken that offer you had ten years ago from Cryogenic Life, you wouldn't be stuck now in that damn Data Processing job. Then maybe we could afford a trip to Mars.

The CLOCK in the kitchen CHIMES, and TALKS.

CLOCK
Tick, tock, seven o'clock.
You're late.

QUAIL
(angrily)
I'm late!

He throws down his napkin and puts on his coat.

KIRSTEN
God in heaven, you're a hopeless dreamer, Walter! What's going to become of you?

QUAIL
(levelly)
I'm going to work. That's what's going to become of me.

He picks up his briefcase and leaves.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Quail is waiting in line impatiently to enter the subway gate. Everybody going through the gate is passing through some strange-looking device. We soon see the device is a WEAPONS CHECK (much like the kind they have at airports). There are two ARMED, uniformed GUARDS on either side, processing passengers. Shortly after Quail passes through, a BUZZING ALARM goes off, activated by a MAN two people behind him; the Guards instantly seize MAN, pull him aside.

MAN
(frightened, shouting)
I've got a permit for it! I don't have it with me!

1ST GUARD
Like hell you have. The State has laws against <u>any</u> private citizen carrying weapons.

MAN
(shouting)
The State has laws against <u>everything</u>! Fascists!

The Guards drag him off screaming. No one seems to pay this incident particular attention, but there is an underlying fear in their faces.

Quail, already past the weapons check, goes to a gate with a sign that reads: "NEW CAR" and waits with a fair-sized crowd.

INT. URBAN TRANSIT TRAIN - DAY

It looks like a plush "CLUB CAR" of a railroad train -- except it is super-modern. The chairs are all "organic-looking" reclining chairs on swivels. There is also a small bar. The car is empty. MUZAK plays over.

The car stops in front of Quail's gate and the crowd swarms on. Quail grabs a seat close to the CAMERA POSITION.

We become aware that the MUZAK has stopped and is replaced by the voice of an ANNOUNCER.

FIRST ANNOUNCER
With interplanetary tension between the Martian Colonists and the Mother Planet at an all-time high, Mars' vast ore supplies assume an ever-greater importance. Earth administration fears that if Mars' demands for independence are granted, they will impose crippling price levels on export materials. Burt Penrod interviews Martian Chancellor D'Almatage today at 2:00 -- direct from Mars.

SECOND ANNOUNCER
(beat; cheerily)
Good morning, commuters. Here's honey in your eye. We'd like to take this opportunity to remind you that this portion of our morning's ride is brought to you by REKALL, INCORPORATED.

(The name is pronounced to sound like "Recall.")

Quail looks up. At the front of the car, above head level, is a television screen. On this screen is the image of the smiling Second Announcer. (A morning talk-show host.) Most of the passengers are ignoring the screen.

The picture on the screen changes to illustrate the commercial that the Second Announcer now starts doing. As he continues to speak, the screen is filled with pictures of different planets, people boarding spacecraft, etc.

SECOND ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Do you dream of a vacation at the bottom of the ocean, but can't float the bill? Do you desire to climb the mountains of the moon, but you've got more gravity than you used to have? Then come to REKALL. We offer you the <u>memory</u> of any experience you desire...

CLOSE - QUAIL

looking at the screen, listening intently.

SECOND ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...cheaper and safer than the real thing...
(beat)
For the memory of a lifetime...
REKALL, INCORPORATED.

Quail muses over this.

Now Quail SPOTS SOMEONE a few seats away; he gets up, walks over to where the Man is, and sits down in the empty seat next to him.

QUAIL
Fred -- what's the story on these artificial memory places?

FRED
(taken aback)
What?

QUAIL
The memory places -- like Rekall Incorporated.

FRED
I don't know anything about it.

QUAIL
Sure you do. You were telling me about it a couple of months ago. You said you were thinking of taking one of their courses.

FRED
(staring at him rather strangely)
I don't know what you're talking about... It must've been somebody else.
(awkward pause)
Excuse me -- I need some coffee.

He leaves. Quail peers after him, quizzically.

INT. LOBBY OF LUXURIOUS OFFICE BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

Quail enters this massive lobby and goes to the directory on the wall -- which is voluminous; it is taking him a while to find the company name he seeks. As he scans it, we notice that in b.g. -- VERY PROMINENT -- a RED-HAIRED MAN appears to be following him.

Quail finds the listing he's looking for: REKALL INCORPORATED -- 18602. He goes to the elevator bank, just in time to catch a car that is going up; stepping in right behind him is the RED-HAIRED MAN who may be following him.

INT. 186TH FLOOR - COULD BE DAY OR NIGHT (NO WINDOWS)

The elevator doors open and Quail steps out. The Red-haired Man watches him carefully but does not get out of the elevator with him. Quail finds himself in a luxurious suite of offices which occupies the entire floor. On the wall is an impressive but tasteful sign:

REKALL, INCORPORATED

Quail hesitantly approaches the stunning RECEPTIONIST. Her breasts are bare and painted pale blue. (NOTE: THAT LAST IS OPTIONAL); her HAIRDO is as follows: ONE SIDE (only) of her head is SHAVED TO THE SCALP.

QUAIL
(to Receptionist)
I'm Walter Quail. I called this morning and made an appointment for 5:45.

RECEPTIONIST
(a dazzling smile)
Oh yes, Mr. Quail.
(still smiling; picks up phone and speaks into it)
Mr. Walter Quail is here, Mr. McClane.
(short pause)
Very good, I'll send him right in.
(hangs up)
You may go in, Mr. Quail; Mr. McClane is ready for you.

Quail shuffles around uncertainly.

RECEPTIONIST
Down the hall, first door to the right.

He heads in the direction she indicates. After a moment, he arrives at an impressive walnut door with the name "HOWARD McCLANE, ADMISSIONS" embossed on it. He knocks.

McCLANE
(inside)
Come in!

Quail enters.

INT. McCLANE'S OFFICE - DAY OR NIGHT (NO WINDOWS)

At the far end of the room is McClane's desk. McCLANE, a genial, bubbling, enthusiastic man, sits behind it. In the B.G. on the wall behind him is a huge, FULL-WALL, COLOR SLIDE PROJECTION of the PLANET SATURN, WITH ITS ORBITING RINGS. Since it's an actual photo, it's very realistic and there is a tremendous impact to it because of its size. The overall effect is mesmerizing -- especially seen in the semi-dark room, with tiny bulbs over entire ceiling twinkling like stars.

There are weird, strange-looking little MINIATURE MODELS OF FLORA AND FAUNA, both on his desk and on shelves around the room. These are replicas of life forms found on alien planets. In addition to McClane using them for salesmanship tools, he obviously enjoys them -- judging by the number of them on his desk and shelves.

McClane rises, extending his hand, as Quail enters.

McCLANE
(shakes Quail's hand warmly -- but coughs and sneezes as he does so)
Good to meet you in person, Walter. Sit down.

McClane coughs several more times. Quail sits in a sleek, comfortable chair. McClane re-seats himself, coughing as he does so. Takes out hanky and blows his nose long and hard.

QUAIL
Sounds like you've got a little cold.

McCLANE
No, I haven't got a cold -- I'm allergic.

QUAIL
Oh? To what?

McCLANE
To outer space. Here -- let me turn this off.

HE PRESSES A BUTTON AND THE PROJECTION OF SATURN DISAPPEARS from the wall.

McCLANE (CONT'D)
There -- that's better.
(his coughing and sniffling stop)
These holograms are so convincing.
(smiling amiably)
So you want to have gone to Mars?

Quail looks a little embarrassed. McClane continues to smile warmly, putting him at ease.

McCLANE (CONT'D)
After all -- we're all dreamers. But here at Rekall, we're doing something about it.

QUAIL
Well, I am interested -- but I haven't made up my mind yet... Is the process really that effective?

McCLANE
(leaning forward in his chair)
Let me put it this way, Walter -- you will have gone. We guarantee that.

QUAIL
(dubious)
But... how could that be?

McCLANE
You'll have a chemo-physiological implantation. Your memory will be complete in every way -- a full two weeks of recall -- for the price I quoted you on the phone. A longer recall period would run you a little higher -- for a deeper implant.

QUAIL
Is it in any way dangerous? I mean, the medical techniques?

McCLANE
(shaking head emphatically)
Not at all -- from a licensed operator such as we are.

QUAIL
There's -- no surgery involved?!

McCLANE
Of course not. The only similarity in any manner to surgery is that we use an anesthetic. Which, in this case, is much milder -- a light euphoric --
(beat)
The program that we feed to you while you're under sedation is the creation of trained experts; who have spent years on Mars.

McCLANE AGAIN PUSHES A BUTTON on his desk and ANOTHER SLIDE PROJECTION FLASHES ON THE WALL -- this one of MARS in outer space.

Immediately, McClane's COUGHING and SNIFFLING STARTS AGAIN.

QUAIL
Uh... listen, why don't you get rid of that?
(gestures towards slide projection)

McClane TURNS IT OFF, STOPS COUGHING AND BLOWING HIS NOSE.

McCLANE
Thank you.

QUAIL
(shaking his head in wonder)
It's really an incredible concept.

Quail now more carefully takes notice of all the weird little MODELS of plant and animal life that are on McClane's desk. McClane notices him studying them.

McCLANE
Replicas of flora and fauna found around the galaxy.

Quail starts to pick one up -- IT COMES TO LIFE AND NIBBLES PLAYFULLY AT HIS FINGER. Quail hasily WITHDRAWS HIS HAND in shock.

McCLANE
(smiling proudly)
They're animated. Realistic, aren't they?

Quail seems lost in thought.

McCLANE (CONT'D)
Still have some doubts about the program?

QUAIL
Well, frankly, yes -- I mean the idea of the 'false memory' just sounds so bizarre. And so -- unrealistic.

McCLANE
(reaching in his desk drawer)
Let me show you some things --
(displaying several items as he talks)
Ticket stub. It proves you went, and returned... Passport... certificates listing the shots you received... Match books from different restaurants... Beaded Martian-rock belt with your name on it... Names of people you met -- now back here -- who you can call and discuss your trip experiences with -- plus home movies of you with them, in front of famous landmarks on Mars.

QUAIL
(staggered by all this)
How do you do that last one?

McCLANE
(smiling, more earnestly than ever)
Walter -- if we told you that -- it would take all of the magic out of it...
(an afterthought)
And by the way, we plant all these things in obscure places -- where you'll come across them at random, in the future.

QUAIL
(awed)
This is really tremendously impressive ... I'll say one thing: you people are really showmen.

McCLANE
We prefer to think of ourselves as craftsmen.

QUAIL
(he's found the loophole)
But there's one problem with all this -- I know I hired you -- won't that destroy the whole illusion?

McCLANE
(smiling, self-satisfied)
Don't worry about that. You won't remember me, or having been here.

QUAIL
(totally overwhelmed)
You can do that?

McCLANE
(ever-smiling)
Remember: there is no magic -- but there are magicians.

QUAIL
(taking the plunge)
All right -- I'm in!

McCLANE
Wonderful, Walter! And while you're dreaming -- you might as well have it all.

QUAIL
What do you mean?

McCLANE
We're having a special this month. For only 50 credits more, you can have an entire additional package.

QUAIL
Package? You mean I get to go somewhere else?

McCLANE
No, you get a new identity -- for the duration of your trip. Here. Pick one.

He hands Quail a list.

INSERT - CLOSE ON LIST

"A14 MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY

A15 SPORTS HERO

A16 INDUSTRIAL TYCOON

A17 INTELLIGENCE AGENT"

Quail's eyes linger on the phrase, "Intelligence Agent."

QUAIL
(contemplating)
... Intelligence agent...

McCLANE
Does that interest you? We can implant <u>any</u> kind of fantasy.

QUAIL
An E.I.O. agent, <u>on</u> Mars?

McCLANE
Precisely!... It's an additional packet, of course, with additional souvenirs; you'd actually be contracting for two packets: Mars Trip and Secret Agent.

QUAIL
(smiling condescendingly)
No, I don't think so. I might contact Frederick K. Hughes, and ask for a meeting.

McCLANE
(an airy wave of the hand)
No, you wouldn't. You're a retired agent. Mars was your last mission. You must never break your cover. Anyway, you never contact your superiors, they always contact you.

QUAIL
(shaking his head)
No, I'm afraid not. I'm too conservative. Just a plain Martian cruise.

McCLANE
Suit yourself.
(checking a date book on his desk)
How about this Saturday at nine a.m.?

QUAIL
Fine.

McCLANE
Bon voyage! You're on your way to Mars, Walter!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEMORY STUDIO - DAY OR NIGHT (NO WINDOWS)

Quail is stretched out on a plush reclining couch, alongside some strange-looking lab equipment, wearing a hospital-type smock.

In the b.g. hovers a TECHNICIAN, adjusting some instrumentation (discreet banks of computers, etc.) -- that apparently relates to the lab equipment next to Quail. The room is a dim, soothing booth, lit by indirect lighting.

INSERT: MEDIUM CLOSE - QUAIL

He looks a little concerned as he studies all the instrumentation next to him -- as one always does at the dentist's, looking at the drills.

The door opens abruptly, in walks a cute-looking LITTLE OLD LADY, wearing a JOGGING SUIT. (A RUTH GORDON-TYPE.)

OLD LADY
Hi, I'm Doctor Sophie Lull. Sorry I'm late. I was in our gym doing yoga.
(walks toward coat closet)
I'll be right with you.

She dons a white medical smock that covers her jogging suit. As she does this, she notices how tense Quail's face looks. She lifts a small pot off a hot-plate burner sitting in the corner and pours the contents into a bowl. Then, she comes over to Quail carrying the bowl.

LULL
You look nervous. Have some soup. It'll calm you down.
(he hesitates awkwardly)
Go ahead. It's homemade. Eat it while we adjust these gizmos.

He starts eating the soup, but after a few spoonfuls puts it back down on the medical cabinet.

QUAIL
I'm not really hungry right now.

LULL
I don't blame you. My daughter-in-law made it.

QUAIL
(looking at instrument console)
This really going to work?

LULL
Is the Pope Martian?

Lull's assistant, the TECHNICIAN in b.g. who has been steadily working on the instrumentation, now looks over at Lull.

ERNIE (TECHNICIAN)
(at machine)
Okay -- that's it.

Now, Lull extends a long rubber tube, a hypodermic needle attached to it. Quail eyes it warily. She swabs the back of his hand in preparation, notices his apprehension.

LULL (CONT'D)
(to Quail)
Now, just relax, kid. It ain't gonna hurt a bit. I'm just givin' ya' a controlled drip of Narkadine, so's we can keep ya' under for the whole session. Then I'll ask ya' a whole lot of questions, nothin' real personal, a' course. Just details of your wish-fulfillment to tailor the program to your needs.
(injects needle in hand, tapes it down)
See? Nothin' to it. I wouldn't kid ya', kid. If you behave yourself, I'll give ya' a little extra, no charge. Ya' like blondes?

Quail, embarrassed, starting to go under, nods.

LULL (CONT'D)
(pleased)
Good! Kid -- have I got a girl for you! She's gonna like you. You're goodlookin'.
(beat)
Gettin' sleepy?
(he nods)
Good. Now start countin' backwards from a hundred for me.

QUAIL
(sleepily)
One hundred... ninety-nine... ninety-eight... ninety-seven... ninety-six... ninety-five...

His voice drops off; his eyes close. Lull studies him, adjusts some instruments, then turns to Ernie, glancing briefly at a typed sheet in front of her.

LULL
Okay, Ernie, the trip to Mars Number Sixty-Two. And throw in "Clarissa." We might as well give him a real good time.

ERNIE
Sixty-Two and -- "Clarissa" it is.

He takes TWO TAPES, inserts the first one into the machine.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Sixty Two and --
(looks at tape marked "Clarissa")
"Clarissa"...
(lecherously)
Boy, is she a wild one!
(inserts second tape)

LULL
Wally? This is Sophie Lull. Can ya' hear me?

QUAIL
(drowsily)
... Sophie ...

LULL
Attaboy! I'm gonna ask you a few questions now. Ya' think you'll be able to answer 'em?

QUAIL
... Yes ...

LULL
Attaboy! To begin with, I wanna ask ya', how did you first develop your int'rest in Mars?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. McCLANE'S OFFICE

McClane has several file drawers open and is removing diverse objects and placing them on his desk.

These items apparently are objects Rekall, Inc. intends to "plant" for some client of theirs to find (perhaps even Quail) -- as part of his fantasy.

While he is putting these things on his desk, the phone BUZZES. He answers it.

McCLANE
Yes?

LULL (V.O.)
(tense)
Howie? Listen, you'd better get in here. I got this guy Wally Quail under, and -- we got problems.

McCLANE
(quickly)
Is he all right? He's going to come out of it, isn't he?

LULL (V.O.)
It's not the Narkadine. It's something else.

McCLANE
I'll be right down.

He hangs up and heads for the door.

INT. MEMORY STUDIO

McClane comes quickly in, brushing the swinging door open. Lull and Ernie look up as he enters. Quail lies on the couch, breathing slowly and regularly, his eyes closed.

McCLANE
What is it? Another schizophrenic reaction?

LULL
(shaking her head; ominously)
I wish it was. Listen.
(bends over Quail)
Quail? Wally, can ya' hear me?

QUAIL
Yes.

LULL
Tell McClane what you told us.

McClane glances sharply at Lull, then turns his attention to Quail.

Quail's eyes open and scan the room. They settle on McClane. These eyes have changed: they have become cold and steely. In fact, Quail's entire personality seems to have changed -- his face has acquired a flint-edged hardness. He is chillingly menacing.

QUAIL
(a deadly voice)
All of you in this room are dead.

McCLANE
What's he talking about?

QUAIL
You've broken my cover.

There is a chilly silence in the room as McClane digests this.

LULL
How long were you on Mars, Wally?

QUAIL
(coldly)
One month.

LULL
And what were you doin' there?

QUAIL
Agent for Earth Intelligence Operations.

Lull looks at McClane, fear now starting to show on her face.

McCLANE
(stunned)
E.I.O.
(to Lull)
So this is why he wanted to go to Mars so badly.

QUAIL
I never wanted to go to Mars. It was my assignment, the 'Paradox Project.'

McCLANE
Please believe me, Mr. Quail, we stumbled onto this entirely by accident.

QUAIL
I believe you, but that won't stop the Agency from killing you.

They all stare at each other in quiet horror.

Lull adjusts a knob on the anesthesia flow, and Quail begins to go under.

QUAIL
(growing drowsy)
Where did I say I'd been? Mars? Hard to remember -- I know I'd like to see it, but...

His voice trails off and his eyes close.

LULL
(intensely)
He wants a false memory implanted -- of a trip he really took.
(pause)
Someone -- probably at Earth Intelligence -- erased his memories. All that he knew was going to Mars meant something special to him.

ERNIE
What do we do? Graft a false memory pattern over the real memory of the same thing?

LULL
No, ya' can't tell what would happen. He might remember some of the real trip and mix it up with the fake one.

McCLANE
I think we ought to revive him without any false memory implantation and send him out of here; this is hot.

LULL
Yeah.

McCLANE
Can you predict what he'll remember when he comes out of sedation?

LULL
Not sure. I don't think he'll remember anything that happened under the Narkadine -- but it might'a jogged his memory. Anyhow, he'll probably remember coming here unless you want it wiped out.

McCLANE
No, the E.I.O. probably already knows he came here.
(MORE)

McCLANE (CONT'D)
If we erase it from his head, we might really be up shit's creek. I don't want to meddle with this man any more than we have already. I have a feeling that the longer he doesn't know who he is, the better off we'll all be.
(he starts for the door, looking even more nervous and drained)
I'll destroy his file and cancel his fee.
(a beat)
Sophie -- and Ernie -- I don't have to tell you what this will do if it ever gets out. Not only to us -- but to the entire Chemo-physiological industry.

He leaves. The others stare after him looking very grim.

EXT. QUAIL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

A robot cab pulls up in front of the entrance to the building, with Quail as its passenger. (The cab is driverless: the partial robot operating it is a permanent built-in fixture to the cab -- a mechanical head that swivels to converse with the passenger, and a mechanical arm that can reach out the window and open the rear door of the cab.)

Quail has a very DAZED expression. He fishes a plastic card out of his pocket and inserts it in a slot. The dashboard clicks, Quail withdraws the card. The MECHANICAL ARM REACHES OUT from the front window of the cab, opens the rear door.

ROBOT CAB
Thank you, sir. Have a pleasant day.

QUAIL
Yeah, thanks. Same to you.
(realizing he's talking to a machine)
I guess...

He sees the MECHANICAL ARM JUST WAITING THERE, PALM UP, so he PUTS SOME CHANGE INTO IT: then gets out of the cab. It drives off.

Slowly, still stupefied, Quail enters his apartment building.

INT. QUAIL'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The door of the apartment opens slowly, and Quail stands there. Kirsten, seated in a chair, looks up at him with surprise.

KIRSTEN
What are you doing home? I thought you were going to be gone all day.

QUAIL
I've been to Mars.

KIRSTEN
(staring at him)
What are you talking about?

QUAIL
I don't know. I think I've been to Mars, but I'm not sure.

KIRSTEN
You're Pitched... or you've been Boning.

Quail walks slowly into the apartment, leaving the door standing open.

QUAIL
No. I vaguely remember this trip to Mars, but...

KIRSTEN
(stands up)
Walter, I told you, you've got to forget about this foolish obsession.

QUAIL
I think I must have been to one of those artificial memory places.

KIRSTEN
(jolted)
Oh my God! You went there?

QUAIL
It must not have taken. It's all confused, blurred. Everything is mixed together. That's not how it's supposed to be, is it?

KIRSTEN
Walter, what did you have them do?

QUAIL
I guess I had them give me a memory of a trip to Mars. But this is a joke. I thought it was supposed to seem real. Nothing seems real.

KIRSTEN
Why did you do this, Walter...? It's dangerous to monkey around with your mind like that.
(comforting him now)
Just try not to be upset. I'm going to call a doctor.

QUAIL
I don't need a doctor. I need a lawyer. Those people ought to be taken to the Better Business Bureau.

KIRSTEN
Do you feel any dizziness?

QUAIL
No. It's just... it keeps coming in waves. The feeling I went; and then that I didn't.

He heads for the door.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
I'm going to the club and go crawling.
(beat)
I need to be alone for awhile.

He leaves the apartment. She stares after him.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY OR NIGHT

Even though this building is underground, it is well lit and pleasant in the long corridor. There are large plants spaced at intervals along its length.

Quail walks thoughtfully along the corridor. As he reaches the end of it, a MAN steps out from behind a plant, barring his path. Quail hesitates.

QUAIL
Who are you? What do you want?

The Man takes a gun out of his pocket.

Quail turns to run, but another ARMED MAN stands a few paces behind him, barring his escape.

1ST MAN
It's time, Quail.

Terrified, Quail turns slowly around. The 1st Man holds his pistol, of some modern design, trained on his solar plexus.

1ST MAN
Come with us, Quail. Don't give us a reason to kill you.

The 2nd Man comes up behind Quail and nudges him forward with his gun. Reluctantly, Quail goes with them.

After walking a few paces, they open a heavy fire-door and he passes through it, between them.

INT. HUGE UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY OR NIGHT

Quail comes through the door with the two Men on either side of him. They walk down a set of concrete steps. The parking structure is empty except for one futuristic car, which they force him to enter. He sits in the front seat between the two men.

INT. CAR IN PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY OR NIGHT

The car heads into an underground tunnel flowing directly from the parking structure. They begin to drive, fast, along the narrow tunnel of the underground structure. The 1st Agent keeps his gun trained on Quail's side.

QUAIL
Where are you taking me? Why do you want me?

1ST AGENT (1ST MAN)
You told everybody at Rekall about your trip. Where you went, for whom, some of what you did.

QUAIL
(slowly)
Are you telling me... I did go to Mars?

There is no reply.

QUAIL
But... I don't know anything about it.

1ST AGENT
Of course not. You went to Rekall, for the usual reason -- for a little excitement. Unfortunately, you've already had too much excitement.

QUAIL
But I can't remember what I did on Mars. I swear to God. It's just pieces. A landscape, a name, I'm not dangerous to you!

1ST AGENT
You had a memory erasure, Quail. It was supposed to be complete. But you've remembered too much. Like you said... a name... the Paradox Project.

QUAIL
But I didn't! I had a false memory implant!

The Agent says nothing.

QUAIL
For God's sake, what could I have done on Mars that was so terrible?

1ST AGENT
Frankly, Quail, I don't know. And I don't plan on finding out, if I can help it.

QUAIL
(trying to save himself)
What about the people at Rekall? You say they know what I did?!

1ST AGENT
They've been taken care of.

QUAIL
What do you mean?

1ST AGENT
Don't be naive, Quail.

QUAIL
But I just left them a little while ago.

1ST AGENT
So did we.

QUAIL
Oh, my God.

They drive in silence for a moment while Quail digests this piece of information.

QUAIL
(finally)
What are you going to do with me?

There is no answer to that question.

QUAIL
Can't you just erase my memory again?

1ST AGENT
That's been tried already. You see what happened.

QUAIL
But... but give me a chance! For God's sake! I've got some money saved up -- you can have it!

The car has now emerged OUT OF THE NARROW TUNNEL AND DIRECTLY INTO ANOTHER UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE.

The driver pulls the car over and stops. The 1st Agent gets out, keeping his gun trained on Quail.

1ST AGENT
End of the line, Quail. Get out.

QUAIL
No! No, I won't get out! You'll have to kill me right here.

He cringes back against the seat.

1ST AGENT
No one's gonna kill you if you're a good boy. Our orders are to bring you back in for some new testing. Now are you gonna get out or do we start playing rough?

Quail doesn't budge. 1st Agent sighs heavily, and nods significantly to the driver. Driver (2nd Agent) is a sadistic gorilla who we have probably noticed has not said one word. He opens the door and gets out.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY OR NIGHT

The driver draws his gun, leans back in the door -- and clubs Quail with it. Together, the two Agents drag Quail out of the car, kicking and yelling. One Agent secures him from running, the other covers him at gunpoint.

QUAIL
No! It's not fair! You can't do it!

Suddenly, Quail stops cringing. The fear disappears from his face and is replaced by a thoughtful expression.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
Wait a minute, I remember --

1ST AGENT
(needs to know)
What, Quail? What do you remember?

QUAIL
On Mars... they tried to kill me... and...

The Agent with the gun FIRES but it's too late. Quail has pivoted around, cat-quick, spinning the Agent holding him -- directly into the path of the gunfire. He takes the blast instead of Quail -- and dies instantly. Almost in the same motion, Quail shoves the dead body smashing into the Agent who fired -- hurling him to the ground; his gun flying free. Agent scrambles up to regain his feet -- but halfway up:

INSERT - CLOSE: A KARATE CHOP SMASHES ACROSS HIS WINDPIPE. He CRUMPLES.

Quail steps back from having smashed the man. He stares at the two bodies, and at his own hands, in amazement; it is as though he is looking at what someone else has done.

Then, leaving the two men sprawled across the pavement, he jumps into the car and roars away. The open door slams shut under the acceleration.

INT. QUAIL'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

The door opens and Quail bursts in. Kirsten jumps to her feet.

QUAIL
(excited, his face flushed)
They just tried to kill me!

KIRSTEN
Walter, get ahold of yourself! Nobody's trying to kill you. It's an illusion. Something they put into your mind... That's their business.

He bolts the door, then goes to the window, and peers out of it, stealthily, like a private eye.

KIRSTEN
(observing his behavior)
Walter, please!

QUAIL
You don't understand. It's complicated. I'm involved somehow with the E.I.O.

KIRSTEN
Walter, I want you to stop this!

He DRAWS ALL THE CURTAINS. Not satisfied, he starts TURNING OUT EVERY LIGHT in the apartment.

INSERT: CLOSE - KIRSTEN

She watches him; her face SOFTENS, she seems to become genuinely sad and concerned for him.

She walks over to him, and EMBRACES him, tenderly.

KIRSTEN
(quietly, gently)
I want you to see a doctor...
(MORE)

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Alec and Shirley Turnbull have a good man. He's helped them a lot.

Quail eyes her hard.

QUAIL
I don't need a doctor! This is <u>real</u>. Dammit!

There is a long pause. He continues to stare at her. He clearly is beginning to have suspicions about her. Kirsten is unnerved.

KIRSTEN
Walter... if you don't do something to get ahold of yourself -- I'm leaving you.
(pause)
I've thought this out. It's not just now. You go around in a make-believe world.

He says nothing; merely continues to stare icily at her, then gets up and goes into the bathroom. After he closes the door, she goes to the telephone, turns on the table lamp, and dials.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Quail is washing his face. Then, he takes a washcloth, turns the hot water up full, and douses the cloth under the now steaming water. Using it as a compress, he presses it against his forehead and areas of his neck, to drain off some of the tension.

He turns off the water and starts to open the bathroom door. But his hand hesitates on the doorknob. He stands there and stares at the door.

Then he moves carefully to one side of the door, holds his body in that position, and with one arm outstretched, hurls open the door in one lightning movement.

The <u>instant</u> he does this, what looks like a bright, white-arc burst of light comes flooding into the bathroom, and the back wall of the bathroom crinkles and chars into a swatch of blackness.

Quail dives out the door -- his body just inches above the floor. The wall behind him, at about waist-high level -- which he is well below -- suddenly chars into destruction. With one more bound, Quail is beneath the marble-topped coffee table in the center of the room -- and the spot he just deserted on the floor is smoldering in charred ashes.

Now the top of the coffee table where Quail is under, is charring. Quail now has turned it over, and uses its marble facade as a shield as he darts across the room to where the lone light in the room sits.

He barrels into the lamp, extinguishing it, plunging the room into TOTAL DARKNESS. It is very quiet. A NOISE is heard -- like someone's shoe slamming into a hard surface. Another bolt of light shoots out into the vicinity of the noise; but in the arc-white illumination -- brighter than ever in contrast to the darkness -- we see no form in the area of the noise. Instead, a shape hurls through the darkness into the spot from where the light-bolt came. Now, some heavy, rapid steps. The lights come on.

Quail is holding Kirsten's arm twisted up behind her back. He wears only one shoe.

QUAIL
(stunned that it's her)
My God! Did you say I need a psychiatrist?

KIRSTEN
(coolly)
I haven't seen you move that fast since I've known you.

QUAIL
(outraged)
How could you do it? After twelve years!

KIRSTEN
I'm not your wife, Quail.

QUAIL
Not my wife! You are out of your mind.

KIRSTEN
(indifferent; nursing her arm)
It's a false memory implant. I never saw you before six weeks ago.

Quail is totally stunned.

QUAIL
Why are you lying like this?!

KIRSTEN
No, Quail. It's true. You were right. You work for E.I.O. So do I.

QUAIL
Why? Why?

KIRSTEN
(shrugging)
We had to watchdog you -- make sure the erasure took. A wife seemed like a good idea.

QUAIL
But I remember it! All of it! -- us.

KIRSTEN
All implanted.

QUAIL
Our friends... my work... twelve years.

KIRSTEN
The job's real -- you've had it six weeks -- since you got back from Mars.

He sits down, holds his hand to his head.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
It's all a fabrication, Quail. Everything you know.

QUAIL
This is madness!

KIRSTEN
No, Quail. This is life.

A pause as Quail mentally gropes frantically, for what to do next.

QUAIL
Why did you try to kill me? Why does E.I.O. want me dead?

No response.

QUAIL
What did I do on Mars that they had to rip my guts out like this to keep me from telling?

No response. He gets up; he still holds the gun on her. He is trembling with anger.

QUAIL
All right... I'm leaving. But if I catch you following me --
(cold and steady)
I'll kill you.

He retrieves the shoe he had thrown in the darkness earlier as a noise distraction, and puts it on.

KIRSTEN
I don't have to follow you. They're everywhere. You can't get away from E.I.O., Quail... Nobody does.

QUAIL
(looking at her, as if seeing her for the first time)
No wonder you got the role as my bitchy wife -- you really are a bitch!

He leaves. Kirsten smiles secretively. She goes to a drawer, opens it, and removes a tiny instrument that looks like a TV channel-changer. There is a very small light on the instrument, which begins flashing on and off, as the instrument begins to make BEEPING sounds.

Kirsten dials the phone and speaks into it:

KIRSTEN
He's moving south -- towards Pico.

EXT. QUAIL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Quail comes barreling out of the building and races over to the parked car (one he stole from Agents). He yanks open the door, but then stops abruptly; closes it again.

INSERT: HIS POV - CAR DOOR

CAMERA ZOOMS IN FAST to the car door: there is an official-looking, rather prominent "seal" and the words emblazoned on the door of the car: OFFICIAL USE ONLY -- and a permit number.

Then he charges off down the street. (Quail has realized they'll be looking for this car -- it's a government vehicle; they have the plate number.)

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Quail is running blindly. He is completely disoriented. He doesn't know what to do first. His one thought is to get as far from this area -- where Kirsten has last seen him -- as possible. He spots a cab, shouts frantically after it. It almost doesn't notice him; finally does, and waits up for him.

He reaches the cab, completely out of breath, and lurches inside.

CAB VOICE
(driverless, as usual)
Where to, sir?

QUAIL
(gasps for air)
Uh -- straight ahead.

The cab pulls away. Quail thinks, as it glides along.

CAB VOICE
How far, sir?

QUAIL
Just keep going straight -- towards Pico.

Suddenly there is a blinding flash on one side window of the cab.

QUAIL
Jesus!

The cab immediately SCREECHES to a halt.

CAB VOICE
You're being shot at. Please leave the cab. The gas tank may explode.

He darts out of the door opposite the side that is being fired upon.

As he does this, another scorch of heat seers the cab, and this time, the cab bursts into sheets of flame. Quail has scurried behind another cab, one that is parked. The first cab takes off, in flames, but only drives a few yards, where it stops in front of a fire hydrant, and has its flames doused out. (NOTE: the only vehicles we see on the streets are cabs; cars for private use have been outlawed -- to help control pollution -- except for government vehicles.)

Quail zigzags up the street, and dashes into a SUBWAY ENTRANCE.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Now underground, Quail slows up, to blend in with the other subway people. (He conceals the gun in his coat pocket.) He heads towards a waiting subway train.

Suddenly, Quail stops in his tracks, and just looks at what he sees up ahead.

INSERT: LONG SHOT - QUAIL'S POV

The "WEAPONS CHECK" station, and ARMED GUARDS on either side of the beamed light.

INSERT: CLOSE - QUAIL

his forehead perspires freely, his face muscles contract to tautness. He turns and walks rapidly away from the weapons check.

He looks around desperately; he can't go back out the way he came in. He spies ANOTHER EXIT at the other end of the terminal, with escalators going up.

As soon as he is out of the guard's direct line of vision, he breaks into a run toward the escalator.

He hits the escalator stairs and begins bounding up them (instead of waiting for them to carry him up).

There is a column of people moving up the escalators alongside Quail (moving slower than he is, since they are calmly riding the escalator, while he races up... the escalator is extremely wide -- holding three or four people abreast.)

A MAN almost at the top of the landing (who does not see Quail, in that Quail is still about five yards behind him) abruptly steps out of his "column" of people, and begins running up the escalator, exactly like Quail is doing. Thus, the Man is now directly in front of Quail. At that instant there is the now-familiar blinding white-arc flash of light, and the Man falls backward into Quail's fast-moving body charging up the escalator stairs. Man's hands clutch at his face and he SCREAMS a hideous death scream.

INSERT: MED. CLOSE - QUAIL AND MAN

The Man is lolling in Quail's arms; his face and chest are a ghastly charred-to-a-crisp mass of ruined humanity. Quail stares down at the Man in unutterable horror. Only for a beat, then he drops him sprawling, and charges back in the direction he just came from, and away from the source of the laser fire, running down the "up" escalator.

Quail is running ferociously, slamming into people with abandon. He glances over his shoulder; no one is pursuing him. The crowd has totally congested the area behind him, with its panic and chaos over the murdered man.

HAND-HELD CAMERA - QUAIL'S POV

as he races along the subway waiting station, we HEAR the SOUND of his BREATH coming in rasps.

An empty phone booth comes into view ahead. Quail lurches into it.

MED. CLOSE - QUAIL IN PHONE BOOTH

He ducks his head down and hunches his shoulders up, concealing his face as much as possible, and pretends to be using the telephone. He shakes his head in thought.

QUAIL
(muttering)
How?

His eye catches the receiver in his hand. He gets the answer and starts checking his clothing for a "bug."

INT. MOVING VAN - NIGHT

Two COPS stand alongside a THIRD, who sits in the middle, wearing a radio headset.

HEADSET WEARER
We're hitting interference. Something is breaking the pickup.

1ST STANDING COP
Any idea what?

The Headset Wearer merely shakes his head negatively.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

DOLLY IN towards phone booth with Quail inside it, still pretending to be on the phone.

DOLLY ON PAST the phone booth to: Radio Telescope and Space Communications Hobby Shop.

SLOW ZOOM into sign on store denoting this.

PAN BACK to Quail in phone booth, directly adjacent to the Radio Telescope and Space Communications Hobby Shop.

He furtively glances around the subway station.

HIS POV - PUBLIC RESTROOMS

FAST ZOOM into them.

HIS POV

as he scans the waiting PASSENGERS, finally spotting one slightly isolated from the other "waiters." SLOW ZOOM in on this slightly isolated figure.

CLOSE - ISOLATED MAN

a lost-in-thought look on his face, as he waits casually for the train. Suddenly, his eyes widen, and revolve slowly to one side.

TWO SHOT - ISOLATED MAN AND QUAIL

Quail is standing directly behind him, his hand stuck in his coat pocket, and thus concealed, jamming his gun up against the Man's back -- a la Humphrey Bogart.

QUAIL
Don't say anything, you won't get hurt. Just move over to that latrine.

The Man looks terrified.

EXT. PUBLIC RESTROOMS BUILDING - NIGHT

The same building that Quail spotted a moment ago, down here in the subway station. HOLD ON THIS SHOT, as we HEAR the following VOICE-OVERS:

MAN (V.O.)
(very frightened)
What -- what are you going to do?

QUAIL (V.O.)
Get in that crapper and take off all your clothes.

MAN (V.O.)
(frantic)
Oh, no... Please, mister. You wouldn't enjoy it with me. I'm kind of small.

QUAIL (V.O.)
Everything! Underwear. Socks. Shoes... I'm trading clothes with you.

MAN (V.O.)
(a beat; then meekly)
It's a funny way to get your kicks...

HOLD TWO BEATS... then QUAIL EMERGES FROM THE RESTROOM BUILDING, WEARING THE MAN'S CLOTHES. (Which will be conspicuous, so we are sure to recognize the change -- perhaps a plaid sportcoat, etc.)

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Quail is hurrying along, wearing the Man's clothes.

INT. MOVING VAN - NIGHT

The three Cops again, one in center with headset.

HEADSET WEARER
Coming in again. Loud and clear.

2ND STANDING COP
(to 1st Cop)
Don't move in on him this time until he goes inside somewhere. We're giving him too much running room, out in the open.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Quail spies a HOTEL up ahead. It is a clean, bland, middle-class place called the "Travellers Inn."

He hurries toward the hotel.

INT. LOBBY - TRAVELLERS INN - NIGHT

The place is brightly-lit and empty. Quail approaches the DESK CLERK, who is reading a book at the switchboard.

DESK CLERK
(without looking up)
Help you?

QUAIL
A room for the night.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - TRAVELLERS INN - NIGHT

Quail unlocks the door and enters. No sooner does he relock the door than THE PHONE RINGS. He freezes, stares at it for three rings, then picks it up.

QUAIL
(into receiver)
I told you, I don't want to be distur--
What?? There can't be!

There is a CLICK SOUND, and a <u>new</u> TELEPHONE VOICE is heard. (Filtered.)

TELEPHONE VOICE
If you want to live, don't hang up.

Quail is stunned. He says nothing, but doesn't hang up.

TELEPHONE VOICE (CONT'D)
Cute, what you did in the subway john. But the monitor is imbedded in your <u>skull</u>.

Quail looks disheartened.

TELEPHONE VOICE (CONT'D)
They'll be busting in the door in about seven minutes. Unless...
(pause)
Take a wet towel and wrap it around your head. That will deaden the signal. They'll still be able to trace you, but it will take them about a half hour longer to pinpoint you; every time you move, you buy more time. First, soak your head. Then listen fast.

QUAIL
Why should I trust you?

TELEPHONE VOICE
Not a single reason I can think of. But you could hardly be worse off: They know every move you make.

Quail registers a look of resignation, then races into the bathroom, wets a large hanging towel, wrings it out some, and wraps it around his head like a turban. Then he charges back on to the phone.

QUAIL
Keep talking.

TELEPHONE VOICE
Go out the fire exit. You'll find a narrow crevice along the side of the building -- it leads to the alley.

Quail glances out the window -- and sure enough he spots the narrow crevice, on the ground far below.

TELEPHONE VOICE (CONT'D)
Head over to Skid Row -- in the old Beverly Hills section... to the Lucky Stub Pawnshop -- corner of Rodeo Drive and Wilshire. See the owner -- a fat man. Tell him you're Mr. Hotchkiss, you came for your Grecian candlesticks.

QUAIL
(infuriated)
What the hell are you talking about?

TELEPHONE VOICE
If he's the right man, he'll say: 'They'll look good in your conservatory.' And he'll hand you a small case. That case will save your life.

QUAIL
(not quite convinced)
How did you know where to find me?

TELEPHONE VOICE
You got bad breath, Quail... How do you think -- the monitoring device!

QUAIL
(suspiciously)
If they couldn't pinpoint the room yet, how did you?

TELEPHONE VOICE
I was right on your tail at the subway phone. They hit some 'hiss' there -- didn't lap you up for another couple of blocks. I followed you right into the hotel.

QUAIL
(he buys it now)
Only you're on the other team.

TELEPHONE VOICE
No. You hired me to make this phone call... ten weeks ago.

QUAIL
Me? How could I have known--

NOW START SPLIT SCREEN, REVEALING the STRANGER as the RED-HAIRED MAN who was following Quail when Quail first went to Rekall, Inc.

TELEPHONE VOICE
I was your fail-safe -- if and when the shooting started. I delivered.

The man hangs up.

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS. Quail is left holding the phone which BUZZES vacantly in his ear for a beat; then he charges out of the room.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

CLOSE -- STREET SIGN: "RODEO DRIVE. / WILSHIRE BLVD."

PULL BACK to reveal "The Lucky Stub Pawn Shop." Winos lurk on the corner. Beverly Hills has deteriorated into a slum.

Quail ENTERS FRAME, and approaches the pawn shop, stepping over bums in doorways.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Quail is just entering; an old-fashioned BELL overhead, tripped by the door opening, announces his entrance.

At once, an immense FAT MAN emerges from the back room.

PROPRIETOR
(a voice like Sidney Greenstreet)
Can I help you, my good man?

QUAIL
(awkwardly)
I came for the -- Grecian candlesticks.

The Fat Man stares at him meaningfully for a long moment, but does not budge.

PROPRIETOR
(curtly)
Name, please.

QUAIL
(tense)
Mr. Hotchkiss.

PROPRIETOR
(smiling)
Ahh -- yes, of course, Mr. Hotchkiss.

Then, he turns and starts back towards the back room, then, turns again towards Quail, just before he enters the back room.

PROPRIETOR
I'll only be a moment...
(meaningfully)
I know you're in a hurry.

He disappears through the curtain.

True to his word, in a brief minute or two, he emerges again from the curtained room; he carries a small "makeup-sized" case.

PROPRIETOR
(handing him the case)
I trust these will look well in your conservatory... Give my best to your charming niece... And it's so nice to see you looking so -- alive.

INT. FLOP HOUSE - CLOSE - HANDS - NIGHT

opening up the small case.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL they are Quail's hands. The hotel room he's now in is obviously a different one than the last one we saw him in. This one is more rundown, the walls are peeling, the architecture is much older, etc.

Quail examines the contents of the case: There is money, several stacks of bills, neatly tied -- some is the conventional green, and some is red currency.

CLOSE ON RED MONEY

On the face of it is printed: "MARS FEDERAL COLONY."

QUAIL
(mutters)
Martian money...

He thumbs through the money and whistles softly to himself as he sees how much is there.

Quail continues to look through the case: the other items are: a gun; a passport; a makeup kit; a small cassette recorder; a spray can of some sort; and a rolled-up leather pouch.

He unrolls the pouch, and looks inside; there he finds what looks like surgical instruments -- several different varieties -- some tubes of salve, a sponge, and a long piece of wire doubled over, that has a tiny metal head on one end.

He fumbles with the cassette recorder until he is able to turn it on. The voice he hears on the cassette tape is his own:

QUAIL
(Quail's own voice)
Hauser, this is Hauser talking -- or whatever your name is now. If you're listening to this -- your memory's been erased. And you've got a wet towel around your head.
(he does)
The first thing you've got to do is get rid of that bug in your head. I'll explain later why I didn't take it out when I first found out about it. I had a good reason -- trust me.

The cassette voice laughs at its own joke.

CASSETTE VOICE (CONT'D)
The monitoring bug is located in your left maxillary sinus cavity. Use the instruments in the pouch to remove it... make a small incision in your neck just below the left ear, and insert the wire up into your sinus. The head is magnetized.

Quail makes a face, a sick grimace.

CASSETTE VOICE (CONT'D)
You won't feel a thing. There's a spray can of local anesthetic; and a tube of blood-coagulant -- It's my neck, too.

Cassette Voice laughs again. Quail stops the cassette, picks up the scalpel (lying on the unrolled pouch), and gazes at it. It glints menacingly in his hand, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

BATHROOM SINK - SAME HOTEL ROOM - CLOSE - HANDS - SHORT TIME LATER

They are pushing a wire up into a bloody portion of neck, just below the ear.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON QUAIL

Holding the wet towel against his neck, Quail slowly withdraws the wire.

He keeps the towel wrapped around the end of the wire, to block the transmission. Then, carefully, he opens the towel a little bit, and looks inside. There, nestled in the folds of the towel, is a tiny metal bead: the transmitter.

Quail folds the bloody towel around it, and looks about for a way to dispose of it.

He spies a large rat sitting by a hole at the base of the sink.

The rat is looking at something. Quail follows its gaze: it is watching a rat trap near Quail's feet. In the trap is a piece of cheese... the rat seems to be trying to decide whether he will go for the cheese or not. (It may be our imagination, but the look in his eye tells us he's too smart to go for it.)

Carefully, so as not to startle the rat, Quail bends down and very gently -- avoiding springing the trap -- lifts the piece of cheese from it. The rat watches his every move.

Reaching into the towel, Quail stuffs the transmitter into the cheese.

Then he tosses the cheese to the rat. Instantly, it grabs the cheese and vanishes down the hole in the floor.

INT. MOVING VAN - NIGHT

HEADSET WEARER
I've got him again!

2ND COP
Where?

HEADSET WEARER
(several beats, as he scans a map his instrumentation is plugged into)
The basement of a flop house, the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

2ND COP
Let's move.

The van roars off.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

SEVERAL MEN MOVE QUIETLY, in the DARKNESS, GUNS DRAWN.

PULL BACK slowly to WIDER ANGLE to REVEAL: A RAT is surrounded by the several MEN. (Rat is ILLUMINATED in FLASHLIGHT BEAM.)

One man (the HEADSET WEARER) is holding an instrument that is BUZZING and BLINKING... with an arrow that points toward the rat...

Two of the men look at each other quizzically.

INT. PARTIALLY-DEMOLISHED OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

The place is deserted, except for Quail, who sits on the floor amid the rubble of caved-in walls.

He is listening to the cassette recorder through a pair of Walkman-type earphones, while nursing a bandage on his neck.

CASSETTE VOICE (V.O.)
(Quail's voice)
... feel better now? Okay, then settle down and listen carefully. I'm leaving this emergency kit because something smells funny about my current assignment ... For several weeks now, rumors have been coming out of Mars about a military project they've got -- code name: 'Paradox.' The exact nature of this project is unknown. But something big is brewing on Mars... which is why the Agency wants me to infiltrate... But I don't like it. Can't say why -- I got an itch. This is the kind of job the Agency makes sure you don't talk about -- afterwards.

During the preceding, and also the following, Quail intermittently takes notes on a small pad.

CASSETTE VOICE (CONT'D)
They've got me booked in the Mars Hilton, in Chryse Planitia. I'm not going to give any more specifics on this tape -- in case it falls into the wrong hands. But if you were me -- and you are -- you'll be able to figure out the rest -- even if they've picked your brain clean. Remember one more thing: with your talent, you can be anyone you want to be.
(beat)
So, if you're unlucky enough to be listening to this, you're on your own now... ol' buddy.

The tape ends. Quail sits and thinks for a beat, then he rummages inside the kit and withdraws the **PACKET OF MAKEUP** from inside. He studies that packet's contents: brushes, putty, flesh-colored paint, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE PORT - DAY

PASSENGERS are having their passports checked. A State Department-type OFFICIAL is addressing the passengers.

OFFICIAL
In the event of a military action, the only protection your Earth Citizenship will guarantee you is 'Prisoner-of-War' status.
(MORE)

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
We don't want to be alarmists, but we do feel it's our responsibility to caution people. There's always the danger the Interplanetary Cold War could become a hot one.

Passengers are boarding a commercial spacecraft. But in addition to the STEWARDESS at the end of the boarding ramp at the door to the spacecraft checking their tickets, there are two PLAINCLOTHESMEN checking every passenger about 40 feet in front of her at the start of the boarding ramp.

The last passenger has just been checked by the two Plainclothesmen and now walks on up the ramp toward the Stewardess. HE IS A DWARF -- about three and a half feet tall; he walks with a cane and carries something in a brown paper bag in the other hand.

1ST PLAINCLOTHESMAN
That's the last one.

2ND PLAINCLOTHESMAN
Sure he couldn't have slipped by us, in some kind of get-up?

1ST PLAINCLOTHESMAN
If he did, he deserves to. He's got the world's greatest disguise. I worked with the guy eight years -- and I studied the whites of the eyes of every passenger.

KIRSTEN NOW EMERGES from inside the spacecraft -- joining the Stewardess at the entrance there. Kirsten is dressed entirely in black: black suit, cape, and turban around her head. She looks very attractive but sinister. At the same moment, the Dwarf arrives at the entrance and hands his ticket to the Stewardess.

STEWARDESS
(to Kirsten)
This is our final passenger.

Kirsten glances down at him, frowns, then looks over at the two Plainclothesmen and calls out to them.

KIRSTEN
He's not on this one. We couldn't have all missed him.

The Dwarf tries to enter the spacecraft, but he can barely squeeze by because Kirsten and the Stewardess together are taking up so much room at the entrance.

INSERT - MED. CLOSE - KIRSTEN

KIRSTEN
(painfully)
Owwww!

She looks down and back at the Dwarf, who is just disappearing into the craft.

STEWARDESS
(to Kirsten)
What happened?

KIRSTEN
(furious)
That little--pygmy stepped on my foot!

STEWARDESS
I'm sure he didn't mean it.

Kirsten sails down the ramp in a huff and joins the two Plainclothesmen.

2ND PLAINCLOTHESMAN
Maybe he's not headed for Mars.

KIRSTEN
He's headed there all right... there are other flights.

INT. RESTROOM OF SPACECRAFT - DAY OR NIGHT

The Dwarf sets his cane down on the sink top, pulls up both his pant-legs, unstraps something around each of his legs, and presto! the rest of his legs come unfolded, he stands up -- he is a normal-sized man (walked on his knees with the aid of the cane). He pulls off some facial disguises, revealing, of course, that he's Quail.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACECRAFT - DAY OR NIGHT

Quail is sitting in his flight seat, no trace of his disguise left. He calmly reads a book.

INSERT - CLOSE - BOOK JACKET

It's a JAMES BOND novel (and written above the book's title, in flowering script, it says: "From the Classic Series").

NEW ANGLE - SEATS IN FRONT OF QUAIL

THREE PEOPLE sitting there are WATCHING A SMALL TV SCREEN.

TV NEWSCASTER
...In other news, on Earth, students again demonstrated today against their own government, in front of the United World Building. The students, pro-Martian colony Independence, carried plaques such as, "Give Mars Back to the Martians," and "No More Martian Taxation Without Representation."
(film footage flashes on with Newscaster V.O. as he continues)
As these films show, things got out of hand, and tear gas was necessary to quell the mob.

DIFFERENT ANGLE - THREE SHOT

The group in front of Quail who watch the newscast. There is an overweight and overbleached but jolly-looking WOMAN in a loud print frock; next to her, her HUSBAND, dressed in typical tourist fashion: bermuda shorts, Hawaiian shirt, small home movie camera strapped around his neck; and close to them, an older, dignified-looking GENTLEMAN.

WIFE TOURIST
I think they should give Mars Independence.

DIGNIFIED GENTLEMAN
Why? They're not equipped to rule themselves. Lot of them are uneducated. A large percentage are chickenheads.

PILOT (V.O.)
(filtered)
This is your Captain. Out the starboard port, coming into view: your destination -- the red planet, Mars.

The Husband Tourist immediately brings up into position the HOME MOVIE CAMERA that hangs by a strap around his neck (small, lightweight) AND BEGINS SHOOTING FILM OUT THROUGH THE SPACESHIP WINDOW.

MEDIUM CLOSE - QUAIL

He looks out the window. He stares, fascinated.

SLOW ZOOM out through the spacecraft window into deep black space. A red, luminous, shimmering globe blazes like an ember. CONTINUE TO ZOOM IN on it. Perhaps recognizable now, are the famous "Canal" markings.

PILOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We'll be landing in approximately four hours. The surface temperature at the Martian meridian is forty below zero.
(he CHUCKLES)
However, inside the City Domes -- where you're going -- you'll be considerably more comfortable... Temperature: a tropical ninety-six degrees.
(beat)
Have an exciting time. Thank you for flying with Hughes.

CONTINUE ZOOM IN CLOSER AND CLOSER, until ENTIRE FRAME IS RED, luminous and shimmering.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE PORT RECEPTION - DAY (RED FILTER LENS)

Passengers are disembarking the spacecraft. As they come out the spacecraft gangplank, the Stewardesses are putting check marks on each of their plane tickets, and bidding them goodbye. Quail is handing one of the Stewardesses his ticket to check mark.

STEWARDESS
Thank you, Mr. --
(opening his ticket)
... Wilson.

She check marks it, and starts to hand it back to him. As she does so, she stares at him thoughtfully.

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)
Mr. Wilson, weren't you... I mean, I thought you were shorter.

QUAIL (Mr. Wilson)
(whispers in her ear, smiling)
I put on my toupee -- it makes me look taller.

He winks at her, and walks off out the gangplank.

As he gets far enough away, we notice, for the first time, that he is wearing short pants -- ending at his knees. The Stewardess eyes this thoughtfully.

But, as he hits the passenger reception area, he blends in perfectly with others -- waiting to greet passengers -- who also wear shorts. (Very appropriate to the Martian desert climate -- since all the cities are domed over.)

As Quail walks through the passenger area, he passes a roped-off section labelled "QUARANTINE AREA - CONTAMINATION SUSPECTS." Inside this section it looks something like Ellis Island in 1905, as enormous crowds made up of mostly East Indian and Oriental people wait in endless lines.

INT. ANOTHER AREA OF SPACE PORT TERMINAL - DAY

Quail is shouldering his way through the terminal building. (He carries the only case he has brought with him -- his small "emergency kit.")

There is a variety of bizarre-looking people in the terminal, but the CAMERA SINGLES OUT one in particular: a grotesquely DISFIGURED MAN (a MUTANT)... The Mutant is shining shoes at a shine stand which he apparently operates.

His LEFT ARM IS MECHANICAL -- THE END OF WHICH IS A WHIRLING SHOE BUFFER. There are two customers sitting at his stand, and his mechanical arm gives him so much extra firepower that as he alternates between polishing the shoes of both, he can almost do the two of them faster than a normal man could shine one pair of shoes.

MUTANT'S POV - MEDIUM SHOT - QUAIL

is heading towards the Mutant, now only a few feet away from him.

MEDIUM CLOSE - MUTANT

He glances up from his shoe-shining activity (just finishing a pair) -- and spots Quail.

CLOSE-UP - MUTANT

His maimed face seems to register a look of interest. (Or, have we merely become paranoid?)

Quail is passing right by him now.

MUTANT SHOESHINE MAN
(to Quail)
Shine, mister?
(he POINTS his MECHANICAL ARM BUFFER at Quail, SPINS IT)

Quail shakes his head and keeps moving.

CLOSE - MUTANT SHOESHINE MAN

his eyes following Quail intently. (WHIRRING SOUND OVER.)

EXT. MARTIAN AIRPORT - DAY (RED FILTER)

Quail emerges from the terminal, sees people hailing cabs, and does so himself. (The cabs are an unusual design, rickshaw-type vehicle. Instead of being pulled by a man running, they are pulled by bicycles that have huge balloon tires like those on a dune buggy... These are the main form of transportation under the Martian City Domes, and they are called "Rickcycles.")

Since the spaceliner just arrived, there's a shortage of rickcycles, and Quail stands waiting.

As Quail waits, suddenly he spots COMING TOWARDS HIM, TWO MARTIAN COPS. They are moving rapidly and look very hostile.

Quail tries to maintain an air of casualness, and just continues trying to hail a cab. The TWO COPS are just about upon him now, and suddenly -- they MOVE RIGHT PAST HIM -- keep walking towards something behind him.

Quail turns and watches them -- they are heading towards a MAN a little ways behind Quail. The man appears to be a DERELICT (by his shabby clothes). HIS BACK IS TO US -- and he is a HUNCHBACK. HE STANDS FACING A WALL AND SMOKING. (Though we can't see his face, we can tell by the SMOKE RISING.) Now the TWO COPS GRAB HIM ROUGHLY, AND SPIN HIM AROUND -- HE IS BLIND (we can tell because the whites of his eyes have no pupils).

FIRST COP
(sarcastically, to Second Cop)
Because he can't see, he thinks we can't.

They FRISK HIM QUICKLY, FIND SOMETHING IN HIS POCKET.

INSERT CLOSE-UP - PACK OF LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES IN FIRST COP'S HAND.

FIRST COP (CONT'D)
(to Derelict)
Whole pack of Lucky Strikes. Where did you get these... kill somebody?

SECOND COP (to Derelict)
Let's go, pal.

They handcuff him and Second Cop starts talking into a TINY TWO-WAY RADIO STRAPPED TO HIS WRIST.

SECOND COP (CONT'D)
(into wrist-radio)
Got a chickenhead for you on a three-eighteen, 'Possession of Tobacco.'

FIRST COP
(to Second)
And you think you got troubles -- he's a chickenhead and a Smokie...

Quail stands there observing this as he waits to catch a cab. He's greatly relieved that the cops weren't coming for him, but also intrigued by the reason for this arrest. The cops drag off their handcuffed prisoner and Quail now is becoming more and more impatient -- it looks almost hopeless that he will catch an empty rickcycle.

Abruptly, he catches sight of AN AIRPORT BUS -- that many of his fellow passengers are now boarding. He hurries over towards it.

MEDIUM CLOSE - THE BUS

It's FUTURISTIC in DESIGN but in BAD REPAIR -- ALL BEAT UP WITH BODY NICKS; also, as it stands there with the motor running, IT MAKES HORRENDOUS CHUGGING SOUNDS, LIKE AN OLD CLUNKER. (It has the desert balloon tires.) Quail boards.

INT. BUS - TRAVELING (RED FILTER)

We see the same Woman and her Husband (who now wears a funny straw hat) as were seen on the flight; they are now chatting with a different person.

HUSBAND TOURIST
...because we won this trip on a quiz show.

SECOND MAN
That so?... Your first time on Mars?

WIFE TOURIST
Yes.
(gaping out window; to her husband)
Harry, it looks realer than it does on TV.

Harry is now taking pictures out the window with his home movie camera.

SECOND MAN
(an old pro)
I get up here every couple of years. Import-Export. I can tell you one thing: it's not the heat here -- it's the humidity.

EXT. MARTIAN CITY - DAY (RED FILTER)

As the bus rides through these streets, Quail (and we) is getting his first look at this future frontier city.

A LEGEND appears on the SCREEN, SUPERIMPOSED over this shot, that reads:

CHRYSE PLANITIA
A Boom-Town in the Western Hemisphere

A CAMEL, LED BY A MAN is now DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE BUS -- and BLOCKS THE BUS from continuing. The DRIVER, an ARAB, HONKS HIS HORN REPEATEDLY AND ANGRILY.

DRIVER
(shouting at man leading camel)
You stinking son of a Ganzi-Bull, move him out of the way!

Finally, the man manages to get the camel moving and the bus continues.

There is somewhat of a Moroccan influence to the design of the buildings -- but a surrealistic version of this. (See renderings.)

Because the City Dome (a transparency covering the entire city to contain the artificially-created atmosphere) encompasses not too great an area of acreage -- and population is growing rapidly -- Chryse Planitia has had to crowd in on itself.

Despite some of the architectural differences, it definitely has the feel of the Casbah or Istanbul. The reason is two-fold: (a) it teems with humanity at the subsistence level in the same way, and (b) most of the people we see are East Indian or Turkish. We also catch glimpses of many Oriental and Black people -- though by far, the population is predominantly East Indian.

The streets are narrow and unpaved. The only vehicles (and not many of these), in addition to the rickcycles and the airport bus Quail is riding, are dune buggies... we should try to give the impression the buggies are electrically powered -- but this is not essential.

It is tropically hot in this city -- despite it being under a dome, with artificially-created and controlled air. The reason: the domes are designed to catch and hold previous heat from the sun -- which saves some of the enormous expenses necessary to artificially heat the city. (This, because Mars is farther from the sun than Earth, and its natural climate is too cold for humans to tolerate -- outside the domes; but there is no breathable air out there, anyway.) Thus, these giant crystal-like domes have produced a "hot-house" effect.

EXT. MARS HILTON HOTEL (RED FILTER)

The BUS pulls up outside the HOTEL ENTRANCE, passengers disembark. FAVOR Quail as he makes his way towards the hotel.

INT. LOBBY OF MARS HILTON - DAY

This hotel is absolutely fabulous: a complete contrast to the dirty, Casbah-like streets. The dress, seen on people milling in the lobby, is typically tropic: light-weight and white.

Quail has reached the Registration Desk. He is greeted affably by a mustached CLERK. Clerk looks and acts very SWISHY.

CLERK
Nice to have you back with us, Mr. Hauser.

Quail is surprised; he didn't expect to be recognized.

The Clerk turns the registration book around for Quail to sign. Quail hesitates before picking up the pen.

QUAIL
It's nice to be back.
(he picks up the pen)
I'm flattered that you remember me.

CLERK
(very effeminate)
You were unforgettable.

QUAIL
(starts to sign; then looks up again)
Do you remember my first name, too?

CLERK
Douglas. Douglas Hauser; right?

QUAIL
That's it.

Now he signs.

CLERK
You'll be in Room 612.
(hands Quail the key, then RINGS BELL on desk)
I'll have the boy pick up your bags from out front.

QUAIL
(holds out his emergency kit)
This is it.

CLERK
(slyly)
You must have had to leave hastily.

QUAIL
No. Mix-up at the spaceport. My bags are on the way to Venus.

CLERK
(sympathetically)
That's always happening. It's a disgrace.

QUAIL
Where's the nearest clothing store?

CLERK
We have one here in the hotel; or we can even send the tailor up to your room, if you'd like.

QUAIL
That won't be necessary.
(indicates his case)
Is there a safe I can keep this in?

CLERK
Yes, of course...

He takes the case; Quail stands and watches him open the safe.

CLERK
(as he puts Quail's case into the safe)
Oh -- by the way...here's the envelope you left with us.

The Clerk takes an envelope out of the safe and hands it to Quail.

QUAIL
(taking it)
Thank you.

Quail starts to walk off, examining the envelope.

CLERK
(calling after him)
I enjoyed our chats last time.
(eyeing him up and down SUGGESTIVELY)
I hope we'll have time for more while you're here.

Quail nods vaguely, puts the envelope in his pocket, and continues on his way.

CLOSE - QUAIL

As he heads towards the elevator, he mulls over the last thing the Clerk said -- and a very disturbed look comes over his face.

QUAIL
(under his breath)
I didn't...
(he glances at himself in a lobby mirror)
Nah -- I couldn't be... I'd remember that.

INT. QUAIL'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Quail closes the door; locks it thoroughly; and tears the envelope open.

The envelope contains a single slip of paper. On it is written, in longhand:

"MELINA NOEL
3486 Rue Eucalyptus
Apartment 32

I CAN TRUST HER"

Quail studies this note a moment. Then he carries it to the desk, gets out a pencil and a piece of paper and writes out: "I CAN TRUST HER." He compares the handwriting with that in the note.

QUAIL
(to himself)
Matches...

EXT. MARS HILTON - SUNSET

It is now sunset on Mars, so the SHOT we now see is literally of unearthly beauty: the sun is awesomely huge and blood red. In addition, the glass of the Dome tints the light into strange colors.

(NOTE: The red filter lens is used again, and will be used for all EXTERIOR SEQUENCES on Mars. This, because Mars has less atmosphere than Earth, which gives it a brighter dose of the sun's rays.)

Quail emerges from the hotel, staring at the breathtakingly beautiful sunset. He is now properly attired in a tropical suit. He walks to the taxistand and climbs into the first rickcycle.

QUAIL
(glancing at slip of paper)
3486 Rue Eucalyptus.

RICKCYCLE DRIVER
Right, Boss.

The Rickcycle Driver pedals out into the street. He is a youthful Oriental guy.

Quail is looking around at everything in fascination. The neon lights have started to come on, like downtown Toyko.

RICKCYCLE DRIVER
New here, right, Boss?

QUAIL
That's right.

DRIVER
Want to see town? I know where all the bodies are buried.

He looks back and winks at Quail.

QUAIL
Not now... but I'll keep it in mind.

DRIVER
When you're ready, ask the doorman at the Hilton to send for Bennie-the-Rickie.

QUAIL
Will do.
(beat)
Say, Bennie...

BENNIE
Yeah, Boss?

QUAIL
What caused all these mutants here?

BENNIE
Something about the way the sun filtered through the domes the first ten years. It make a lot of chickenheads in the early colonists, until they figure it out and coat the domes with a sunscreen. C'est la vie, huh, Boss?

Quail nods.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SUNSET

Quail arrives at Melina's apartment building, Bennie-the-Rickie dropping him off.

He scans down the names until he finds "MELINA NOEL." Then he presses the button next to the name. After a moment, a GIRL'S VOICE comes out of the speaker grille:

GIRL'S VOICE
(out of speaker grille)
Who is it?

QUAIL
(moment's hesitation)
Douglas... Hauser.

There is a long silence.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
(wants to know if she's still there)
Hello?

GIRL'S VOICE
(out of speaker grille)
My God.

With a BUZZ, the apartment building door clicks open. Quail walks in.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SUNSET

Quail goes to the correct door and rings.

The door is instantly thrown open, and without a word, a STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN (MELINA) throws her arms around Quail and gives him a lingering, passionate kiss.

MELINA
(still embracing him tightly with tears in her eyes)
Don't say anything, Doug. Just hold me.

It is fortunate she said this, because Quail is speechless. Every possible emotion is crossing his face which she, of course, cannot see.

MELINA
(pushing him back and looking into his eyes)
I don't even care why you left like that... or where you went... I only care that you're back.

They are still standing in the doorway. Down the hallway, a door opens, and an OLD WOMAN peers out, suspiciously.

QUAIL
(looking around the corridor uneasily)
Maybe we shouldn't stand in the hall like this.

Instantly, she pulls him inside, closes the door, walks him over to the couch, sits him down; then she sits down next to him, turns to face him and looks at him expectantly.

He says nothing -- just observes the room. Her place is a strange, cluttered compilation of art objects, ARCHAEOLOGICAL MAPS, books, DIGGING PARAPHERNALIA (shovels, picks, etc.), head gear, foot gear, and most prominently displayed, A SMALL STONE REPRODUCTION of the MARTIAN SPHINX (seen in the film's title sequence). Incongruously placed between the paws of the sphinx, a Snoopy doll. The furniture is comfortable and stylish.

INSERT - CLOSE: MODEL OF MARTIAN SPHINX

Quail's eyes narrow with interest on it.

MELINA
(finally becoming impatient)
I know what you've come to tell me... but, I won't make you say it.

QUAIL
That's good.

MELINA
You're married.

QUAIL
(totally taken by surprise)
Uh... Well... that is part of the problem, yes.

MELINA
Part of the problem? You mean there's more?

QUAIL
Well... actually, I left my wife. Things weren't going too well.

A look of joy and surprise bursts onto her face. She embraces him again, happily.

MELINA
Wonderful!

QUAIL
But, there's still a problem.

MELINA
(cross)
Great. I was just getting used to the old problem. Now there's a new one. What is it?

QUAIL
(still trying to play it cool)
I haven't been myself lately.

MELINA
I haven't been myself since the night we first went out -- to Jack Shannon's place.

QUAIL
(beat; probing)
Have you seen much of Jack, since I left?

MELINA
What do you mean?

QUAIL
I just wondered how he is?

MELINA
Who?

QUAIL
Jack... Shannon.

MELINA
What is this, Doug?

QUAIL
(disoriented)
Nothing. I just --

MELINA
There is no Jack Shannon -- or if there is, we don't know him.

Quail says nothing.

MELINA (CONT'D)
Jack Shannon's Place is the name of our favorite restaurant.
(beat)
I want to know what's going on, Doug?

QUAIL
(walking towards the door)
Look, we'll talk about it in the morning. I'm going back to my hotel to think things out. I just stopped in to let you know I'm separated from my wife. I'll get in touch with you tomorrow.

She bars his way to the door.

MELINA
Doug, I've tried to be as understanding about this as I could. When I heard your voice on the intercom, I wanted to tell you to go to hell.
(MORE)

MELINA (CONT'D)
I haven't asked a single question. But if you walk out that door again and leave me without an explanation, I'm going to call Wannamaker and tell him everything. Maybe I can get a straight story from him.

He closes the door.

QUAIL
No, don't do that.

He walks over to the couch. He thinks hard.

MELINA
(grimly)
So exactly what is the problem, Doug?

After much thought, Quail takes the slip of paper from his pocket and looks at it.

INSERT - CLOSE: SLIP OF PAPER

"I CAN TRUST HER"

Quail returns the paper to his pocket, and turns to Melina.

QUAIL
Okay -- try this! I'm an Earth spy, they erased my mind, and now they're trying to kill me.

MELINA
If you expect me to believe that, you must be insane.

QUAIL
That's another possibility.

She studies him very carefully, leans back and crosses her arms.

MELINA
What in the hell are you talking about?

QUAIL
Just what I said. I'm dead serious. And soon, I may be just plain dead.

MELINA
Doug, don't play these stupid games with me.

QUAIL
It's not a game... I wish it was.
(beat)
What I'm telling you is, I have amnesia. I don't remember you. I don't remember us. And I don't remember anything that happened on Mars.

She stares at him, considering whether to believe him or not.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
(leans forward; earnestly and sadly)
Now you know... I've told you the truth... about everything. Will you help me?

INTERCUT:

EXT. WINDOW OF MELINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(NOTE: The VOICE OVERS of Melina and Quail's scene taking place inside the apartment continue to be heard, lapping over all of the following visuals:)

CLOSE - TINY SUCTION CUP

which is adhering to a corner of Melina's window; attached to the suction cup is a cord running O.S.

CAMERA PANS, FOLLOWING the cord.

MELINA (V.O.)
I don't know. I love you, but... an Earth spy... that's a lot to lay on a girl.

CAMERA, still FOLLOWING cord, has reached the roof of the building, and arrived at: a small recording device, spinning in operation. (It is only a very short distance from the roof of the building, to the top of Melina's window -- about two feet -- where the suction cup adheres... so that someone kneeling on the roof could have easily reached down and clamped the suction cup onto her window.)

QUAIL (V.O.)
(highly agitated)
No, you don't understand! They planted layers of false memories in my brain. I don't know if I'm a spy! I don't know who the hell I am! For all I know, I may be a priest.

CAMERA TILTS UP now, to show us that person: He is the same MUTANT we saw at the spaceport, shining shoes -- who observed Quail disembarking on Mars (man with mechanical arm).

Melina and Quail's VOICES are now filtered, but still clearly audible, BEING HEARD THROUGH THE HEADPHONES the Mutant wears, as he records them.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MELINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quail stands there, looking down at her expectantly. She stares back at him for a beat.

MELINA
Forgive me, Father Hauser -- I have sinned.

He laughs, and sits down next to her. They are both laughing; Quail in relief -- she has accepted him.

MELINA
So, where do we begin?

QUAIL
(pointing to model Martian Sphinx)
With that model. It strikes a chord.

MELINA
You're right. That's why you contacted me originally.

INT. MELINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She goes to a bookshelf and gets an immense Atlas of Mars. She sits down on the bed and opens it up. Quail bends over it with interest.

MELINA
(pointing to map)
Here we are... Chryse Planitia. Over here, 45 kilometers to the northeast, are the Catacombs. Very rough country, even for Mars. The Catacombs are the only ruins left by the indigenous Martian civilization. The one before Man on Earth. Specialists -- which includes me -- I'm going for my Masters in Archaeology -- think they may be millions of years old. The model is an exact reproduction.

QUAIL
(intent)
I was interested in them, huh?

MELINA
Very.

QUAIL
I want to go there.

MELINA
You can't. The government has them cordoned off.

QUAIL
Oh, yeah? Why?

MELINA
(shakes her head)
No one knows.

Quail spies a NAME on the map, next to the Catacombs. He points to it.

QUAIL
'Point Paradox'? ... Why do they call it that?

MELINA
'Cause there's no north, south, east, or west. Compasses just spin. Why do you ask?

INSERT - CLOSE - QUAIL

QUAIL
No reason. It's an intriguing name...

He flops down onto the bed, clutching his head.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
If only I could remember.

MELINA
(hesitantly)
Maybe I could stimulate your memory.

QUAIL
(stares at her)
How?

MELINA
By scanning you.

QUAIL
By what?

MELINA
Scanning your mind.

QUAIL
(amused)
What the hell are you, a gypsy tea-leaf reader?

MELINA
No. I'm a mutant.

QUAIL
A mutant!.. I don't understand.

MELINA
One of the luckier ones. I have only their mental gifts -- not their physical deformities.

QUAIL
Mental gifts? That's how you do this -- scanning?

MELINA
(nods)
All mutants can... Our phychic powers are more highly developed.
(beat)
Sometimes, when people lose something, they gain something else.

QUAIL
Well, let's get started.

MELINA
All right... try to let yourself feel my thoughts... open your thoughts to my presence...

They are sitting on the bed together -- very close.

MELINA (CONT'D)
... no need to resist.
(beat)
Relax... Unwind.

QUAIL
(cynically)
I doubt if I can unwind.

MELINA
(sensuously)
Wanna bet?

She puts her arms around him, kisses him... long and deep -- until they both tip over, on the bed, into a prone position.

QUAIL
(breathy)
Scanning, huh?... In my day, we called it something else.

She smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Quail is floating through outer space, it is like the memorable shots we have seen of the astronauts "walking" in space -- except Quail has no space suit -- he is nude -- as he freefalls. As Quail drifts, we suddenly see that he is above Mars -- exquisitely beautiful, awesomely close -- as if in orbit. The endless stars in the heavens are bright pinpoints in the b.g., stretching out into eternity.

INT. SPACE PORT - DAY

Quail as a dwarf, walks past the two Plainclothesmen to board the spacecraft. We hear NO SOUND; this entire sequence is SILENT except for EERIE MUSIC.

INT. HALL OF MIRRORS - NIGHT

Quail is walking through a carnival House of Mirrors. He sees himself elongated, compounded, and warped and distorted into a dozen different shapes.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY OR NIGHT

as Quail runs from the pursuing E.I.O. laser fire. Again, SILENT

INT. QUAIL'S EARTH APARTMENT - NIGHT

as he wrests the gun from Kirsten's hands.

INT. OFFICE OF "REKALL, INC." - DAY OR NIGHT

as McClane displays all the souvenirs Quail will receive as proof of his "trip to Mars."

INT. QUAIL'S EARTH APARTMENT - DAY

as he kisses Kirsten goodbye and leaves for work.

EXT. SURFACE OF OCEAN - DAY

HIGH ANGLE - QUAIL'S BODY

as we LOOK DOWN on it from above.

Suddenly, the area where Quail is bobbing BECOMES A WHIRLPOOL. It opens in a circle and sucks him down, deeper and deeper. We see his body TUMBLING DOWN INTO THE VORTEX as he becomes smaller and smaller.

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - DAY

Quail is now floating under the ocean, face-down, with no breathing gear or mask.

The CAMERA, which is underwater, looks up into his face, distorted by the refractions of light in the water.

REVERSE ANGLE - QUAIL'S POV

The ocean bottom; myriad forms of sea-life, hauntingly beautiful.

Resting on the ocean bottom is a black BOX.

Quail floats down to the box... reaches for it... opens the lid. A second box floats out. He takes it in his hands... opens it... and a third box floats out. He takes hold of the third box and opens it. We cannot see what is inside this final box... but Quail can... and his EYES AND MOUTH OPEN WIDE WITH ASTONISHMENT, IN A SILENT GASP. AIR BUBBLES go up.

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - NO WINDOWS

We have never seen this room.

Quail is in bed, being drugged by several DOCTORS, who stand over him in heated argument. In pantomime. One doctor among those standing above Quail, SUDDENLY RAISES A KNIFE AND PLUNGES IT DOWN RIGHT TOWARDS QUAIL.

QUAIL SHOOTS HIS ARMS OUT AND PREVENTS THE DOCTOR FROM PLUNGING THE KNIFE INTO HIM.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. MELINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

This is a jarring cut, as: the SOUNDTRACK COMES BACK IN... denoting the return to reality.

BUT EVEN THOUGH WE ARE NOW IN REALITY, QUAIL IS STRUGGLING WITH A MAN WHO HAS A KNIFE!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO WIDER ANGLE, to reveal:

MELINA, NEXT TO QUAIL IN BED -- AS SHE IS STARTLED AWAKE, by Quail's STRUGGLE with MAN WITH KNIFE.

Quail tumbles out of bed, locked in a terrifying death-grip with the Man. (Quail is nude.)

Melina looks on in horror. As the struggle continues, Quail, with a vise-like grip on the Man's wrist, holding the knife at bay, SLAMS THE KNIFE HAND repeatedly against the edge of a piece of furniture -- until finally, the Man DROPS THE KNIFE, but almost instantaneously manages to batter Quail back off him. The two spring to their feet, in a crouch, each anticipating his next move.

The Assailant PRESSES A SPOT ON HIS OWN ARM -- and we immediately HEAR A LOUD, WHIRRING SOUND.

INSERT - ASSAILANT'S HAND

The ELECTRIC SHOESHINE BUFFER is spinning in motion. The other hand comes INTO FRAME, REMOVES THE BUFFER COVER, and there, underneath in its place, is a MONSTROUS DEVICE WITH SEVERAL KNIFE BLADES, SPINNING WILDLY.

ASSAILANT
(a sadistic leer)
Shine, Mister?

We have now realized the Assailant is one in the same Mutant who was on the roof a moment earlier (recording them) and the shineman at the airport observing Quail arriving on Mars.

Quail grabs the hand, holds it in the air, and the struggle continues once more. The SPINNING DEVICE COMES IN CONTACT with ARTICLES and pieces of furniture, SPLINTERING THEM, the SOUND echoing throughout the room. Quail and the Mutant fall to the floor, roll across the room, then out of sight behind a small LOVE SEAT, the struggle continuing.

ABRUPTLY the SOUNDS of the struggle CEASE.

Melina stands frozen, apprehensive. Quail emerges into sight alone, with BLOODIED HANDS.

NOTE: DURING THIS NEXT SEGMENT, CAMERA ANGLES ARE SUCH THAT ALTHOUGH WE KNOW THEY ARE NAKED, THEIR NAKEDNESS IS NOT SEEN.

Melina moves slowly toward the exhausted, panting Quail.

MELINA
(shaken up)
How did you--?

QUAIL
(cutting her off)
You wouldn't want to know.
(noticing her shakiness)
You all right?

MELINA
Oh, sure! I always shake like this.
(she shudders)
Nice friends you have.

QUAIL
(dryly)
I wouldn't call him a friend.

MELINA
Not anymore -- you can't take a joke.

QUAIL
(annoyed)
Great! You're talking jokes and we have a dead man on our hands.

MELINA
I'm talking jokes because I'm scared to death!
(beat)
Who was he?

QUAIL
(shaking his head)
I don't know.

Quail SPOTS something.

QUAIL'S POV - THE WINDOW

It is WIDE OPEN -- and OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, DANGLING IN FRONT OF IT, is a ROPE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Quail walks over to the window, LOOKS OUT IT, UP TOWARD THE ROOF.

QUAIL
He came down from up there.
(beat)
I'll get rid of the body.

He walks to phone.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

SAME PLACE - SHORT TIME LATER

Quail and Melina are both now dressed. Melina still looks in a zombie-like state from the event she has recently witnessed. Quail is doing his best to comfort her.

THE BODY is now COMPLETELY WRAPPED in one of Melina's DRAPES -- AND PROPPED UP IN A CHAIR (LIKE A MUMMY).

There is A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

QUAIL
(calling out loud)
Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)
(from behind door)
Bennie -- I'm here.

Quail walks over to the body, HOISTS IT OVER HIS SHOULDER, and walks over to the door. He opens the door, with the body still SLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER. Bennie stands there -- staring at this sight.

QUAIL
(to Bennie)
You said you know where the bodies are buried. Let's go.

CLOSE - BENNIE

He is totally stupefied.

EXT. MARTIAN CITY - ALLEY - NIGHT

The Rickcycle is parked in this alley, and Bennie and Quail are carrying the body away from it, towards the center of the alley. Bennie motions Quail to halt, when they reach a specific spot. CAMERA PANS DOWN to: A HUGE MANHOLE COVER. It is about three times the size of a normal manhole cover.

They set the body down alongside a manhole cover, Bennie points out some hand grips, and he and Quail STRUGGLE, TRYING TO LIFT THE MANHOLE COVER. Because of its large size, it is extremely difficult for them to lift it -- seems like they can't quite make it with just the two of them.

Suddenly, out of the shadows, A FIGURE APPROACHES. They don't see him, preoccupied as they are with the struggle with the manhole cover.

MAN
Hey, fellas, could you spare ten creds for--

He stops in mid-sentence as he notices the body for the first time, lying alongside them. At the same moment, both we and Bennie and Quail realize he's a bum, panhandling them.

BUM (CONT'D)
(staring at body)
Oh, pardon me.

He starts to wander off, gets just two steps away, then comes back.

BUM (CONT'D)
Say, I'll help you if you'll give me ten creds.

Quail eyes him for a moment -- the guy is a little drunk, but not too much to be of help. Quail shrugs, takes some cash out of his pocket, hands it to the guy (who has obviously observed that they're having trouble lifting the manhole cover).

The bum pockets the money, then helps them lift the manhole cover. He kneels there with them -- as all three listen to the STRANGE, OMINOUS SOUNDS coming from below.

Bennie PEERS DOWN through the huge manhole opening; Quail looks, too -- curious.

INSERT: THEIR POV

BIZARRE SHAPES, SEEN MOSTLY IN SILHOUETTE, about 20 feet down, lit by moonlight shining down through the extremely large opening. THE SOUNDS are chilling: THRASHING, and DEEP GUTTURAL MOANS.

QUAIL
(awed)
What the slithering hell are those things?!

BENNIE
Ganzi-Bulls. They breed down there in the canals.

The bum automatically starts helping them haul the body over the open manhole, as if he knew exactly what they had in mind.

BUM
(puffing as he helps with the body)
Didn't like something he said, huh?

QUAIL
(to Bennie)
Man-eaters?

They have the body completely over the opening now.

BENNIE
Nah. Ganzi-Bulls not eat people... just suck their insides out.
(they DROP the BODY down through the hole)
But no one go looking for him down there. Not best place for skin diving.

At just the moment the body starts to HIT THE WATER, 20 feet below, a HUGE TENTACLE SNAKES UP AND WRAPS AROUND THE BODY, and we see the SILHOUETTE OF A MOUTH OPENING; SLURPING SOUNDS.

Then all three grab hold of the huge manhole cover and struggle to fit it back into place. As they do so, the tipsy drunk LOSES HIS FOOTING AND TUMBLES RIGHT INTO THE HUGE MANHOLE OPENING. QUAIL AND BENNIE BOTH INSTANTLY SNATCH OUT AT HIM AND ONE OF THEM MANAGES TO GRAB HIM, JUST BARELY KEEPING HIM FROM TUMBLING DOWN TO THE GANZI-BULL MONSTERS BELOW.

They haul him out of danger, back onto the alley surface. He STAGGERS off.

BUM
Much obliged.

EXT. MARTIAN CITY - STREETS - NIGHT

Quail is riding in the back of the rickcycle as Bennie pedals along.

QUAIL
Thanks. I owe you one.

Quail RUBS HIS NECK AND WINCES IN PAIN a couple of times.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
Let's go back to my hotel. I have to take care of something there, before we head back to Melina's.

BENNIE
Right, Boss.

QUAIL
Bennie -- ever hear the phrase 'Paradox Project'?

BENNIE
No, can't say I have, Boss.

QUAIL
I want you to keep your ear to the ground. If you find out anything, or anybody that knows about the 'Paradox Project,' there's something in it for you.

BENNIE
(grins)
I gotcha.

EXT. MARS HILTON - NIGHT

Quail and Bennie in the rickcycle are approaching the hotel.

QUAIL
Go to the back.

Bennie pulls up to the back entrance of the Hilton.

Quail climbs out of the rickcycle.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
Wait here. I only need to pick up something from the safe, and take care of one thing upstairs.

Leaving Bennie, Quail walks into the brilliantly-lit rear lobby entrance.

INT. LOBBY OF HILTON - NIGHT

Quail approaches the Desk Clerk -- it's the same one we met earlier.

DESK CLERK
(swishy)
Well... hello there.

QUAIL
I'd like to have my valise out of the safe.

DESK CLERK
Certainly, Mr. Hauser.

He opens the safe, and hands the case to Quail.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
Sign here, please.
(beat; smiling)
Of course I know it's you -- but ... rules, rules, rules.
(Quail signs)
Say... I get off in a few minutes. If you're free, perhaps we could have a drink and chat.

QUAIL
Sorry, I have a young lady waiting.

DESK CLERK
(stiffly)
Oh.

Quail hurries off.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
(disdainfully)
Heterosexual!

INT. QUAIL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Quail is just entering; he turns on the lights and locks the door. We see that now he has his SURVIVAL KIT. He sets it down on the bedside table; his face registers PAIN again, and he RUBS his neck.

He opens his kit, removes a SHOULDER-HOLSTER containing a PISTOL. He discards the holster, and briefly inspects his quarters.

Satisfied, he throws the gun on the bed, and removes from his kit the SPRAY CAN of ANESTHETIC -- that we saw him use earlier in the film -- when he was operating on himself. He goes into the bathroom with it, looks in the mirror, and applies some to the exact spot where he feels the sensitivity -- by touch.

Then he walks back, puts the spray can back into the kit in the other room, starts to lock it up, when: a KNOCK at the door... another KNOCK.

VOICE
(through door)
Mr. Hauser...

QUAIL
(suspiciously)
Yes?

VOICE
Mr. Hauser... I want to talk to you -- about... Walter Quail.

Very silently, Quail picks up his pistol from the bed. It has a small button on it that says "TEST." He presses the button and a small red light comes on "CHARGED." Then, Quail approaches the door very cautiously (from the side -- out of the line of fire).

QUAIL
(tensely)
Who are you?

VOICE
I'm George Edgemar. I work for Rekall, Incorporated.

QUAIL
(stunned, incredulous)
Rekall?

VOICE
Yes... it's difficult to explain... Could you open the door, please? I'm not armed.

He opens it carefully, his gun at the ready, but out of view of the person at the door.

A dignified-looking MAN stands there, calm and pleasant.

EDGEMAR
Hello -- Mr. Quail.

Quail is further taken aback that the man knows his "Earth" name.

EDGEMAR
May I come in?
(beat)
I won't be offended if you prefer to keep the gun you're holding trained on me.

He <u>can't see</u> the gun, but somehow knows.

QUAIL
(completely amazed now)
Alright... come in.

Quail does keep his gun trained on the man. The man enters, holding in outstretched hand, a business card.

EDGEMAR
You can glance at this if you like.

Quail frisks him, then takes the card and glances at it quickly.

QUAIL
Okay -- so you've got a business card that says 'Rekall Inc.' ... what's next?

EDGEMAR
(groping mentally)
As I said... this is going to be a very difficult situation -- for both of us.

QUAIL
I'm listening.

EDGEMAR
Mr. Quail... I'm afraid you're not really standing here at this moment.

QUAIL
Come again?

EDGEMAR
I said, you're not really here... Neither am I.
(beat)
We're both in the Memory Studio -- in the office of Rekall Inc. on Earth.

Long pause.

QUAIL
So you're trying to tell me that I never left Earth. That this is all part of some artificially-induced memory that your company gave me.

EDGEMAR
No, not quite... we didn't give you this. You're creating it yourself... It's a free-form delusion that you're fabricating.

QUAIL
What is this shit you're giving me?

EDGEMAR
This is not -- shit, Mr. Quail. It's the truth.
(beat)
I know it's very hard for you to accept, but... you're having a schizophrenic reaction... we can't snap you out of the Narkadine.
(beat)
You're in a world of your own fantasy.

QUAIL
Then how the hell can you be in my dream -- if you know it's just a dream?

EDGEMAR
I've been artificially implanted -- like the first part of your fantasy... I'm monitoring your dream at a console by video screen.
(beat)
This is a last resort. When somebody gets stuck in their fantasy, we send someone in after them. A specialist, like myself.

QUAIL
I don't believe a word you're saying.

EDGEMAR
I was afraid you'd say that. I'm sorry to have to do this, but you really are stuck.
(calls out)
Doctor Noel, would you come in now, please?

The DOOR starts to open. Quail PIVOTS and points his gun at the opening door. MELINA walks in, carrying a clipboard. She looks at him with professional detachment and says:

MELINA
Yes, Mr. Quail, I'm afraid it's true.

Quail is staggered.

MELINA
(coolly)
I tried to break through to you earlier, but you must molded me into your fantasy. They sent me in to try to draw you out gently, to spare you the reality trauma, but sometimes it takes Dr. Edgemar's brutally frank techniques to get through to a patient as tough as you.

QUAIL
(wavering)
So what's supposed to happen now?

EDGEMAR
(soothingly)
Just do exactly what we tell you to.

QUAIL
(to MELINA, still leveling the gun at her)
Either this story you're giving me is true -- or you're a Judas.

MELINA
Please, Mr. Quail... try to cooperate. You're having a schizophrenic embolism.

EDGEMAR
If we can't get you out now... you may never come out of it... Your wife calls every day.

CLOSE - QUAIL

He looks suspicious again.

TWO SHOT - QUAIL AND EDGEMAR

Quail moves the gun and holds it point blank at the face of Edgemar.

QUAIL
If this is a fantasy, there will be no real consequence if I pull this trigger in your face.

EDGEMAR
(smiling thinly)
In your fantasy, there will be... which won't harm me, but will you.
(beat)
If you shoot me -- if you wipe me out of your fantasy -- I can't come back again. Because I'm dead as far as you're concerned... I can't help you emerge back into reality.

Quail continues to hold the gun directly at Edgemar's face.

CLOSE - QUAIL

He concentrates piercingly, trying to fathom the man he threatens.

CLOSE - EDGEMAR

He shows no fear or tension whatever.

EXTREME CLOSE - GUN MUZZLE

facing point blank into the CAMERA.

EXTREME CLOSE - TRIGGER OF GUN

Quail's finger on it.

EDGEMAR (V.O.)
I urge you, Mr. Quail, at this time --

TWO SHOT - QUAIL AND EDGEMAR

Quail PULLS THE TRIGGER.

REVERSE ANGLE - MEDIUM - BACK OF EDGEMAR'S HEAD

We see the results of the gunshot from this angle only (the back of his head) and then we will show it so BRIEFLY as to produce an almost SUBLIMINAL effect: the back of his scalp comes right off, leaving only the back of a blackened skull. He collapses to the floor.

Crying out in horror, Melina says:

MELINA
Watch out, Doug, there's another man in the hall!

Quail spins toward the door just as it BURSTS OPEN and a MAN comes in, SHOOTING.

Quail SHOOTS him down.

Quail looks at the TWO DEAD MEN sprawled grotesquely on the floor. He kicks them to make sure they are dead.

Melina has been struggling with her clipboard, which seems to be bound to her wrist by a leather thong.

MELINA
There's a bomb in the clipboard!
He's got the detonator in his hand!

Quail kneels by Edgemar's body and pries open his fingers. In the palm of his hand is a small squeeze-switch. Quail picks it up.

She finally succeeds in getting the clipboard loose from her wrist, and hurls it out the window.

Quail squeezes the detonator. There is a nasty explosion in mid-air.

Melina throws herself into Quail's arms.

MELINA
(weeping)
Oh, Doug!

QUAIL
(sighing; embracing her)
I was a lot happier when I thought I was losing my mind.

INTERCUT:

INT. EARTH - NIGHT

Two men in the room, their BACKS to us, talk to a third, who is SEEN on a TELEPHONE VISUAL MONITOR. The FACES of the TWO MEN IN THE ROOM are never seen. (Only the face of the man on the TV MONITOR is seen.)

MAN ON TV MONITOR
(grim)
Quail didn't buy it -- he picked off Hendricks and Bergdorf, two of my best operators... we just got their 'dead man' signals.

MAN AT DESK
(depressed voice)
I'm sorry... I had a lot of confidence in that approach.
(beat; wearily)
Alright, keep trying. Get back to me.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. QUAIL'S HOTEL - FIRE EXIT STAIRS - NIGHT

Quail and Melina are hurrying down the concrete stairwell (fire exit). He is carrying his small emergency bag, which he came for in the first place.

MELINA
(breathless)
After you left, they showed up. Told me what I had to say. Why didn't you come back?

QUAIL
Shh! Later.

EXT. REAR OF HOTEL - NIGHT

Quail and Melina emerge from the fire exit.

He looks around, and spots Bennie, parked there in his rickcycle, waiting.

They sprint over and jump in.

INT. RICKCYCLE - NIGHT

as it moves off, Bennie pedaling, Quail and Melina out of breath in the passenger seat.

BENNIE
(to Melina)
Hey, whatcha doin' here?

Melina is too drained to say anything.

QUAIL
It's a long story... We can't go back to her place anymore. Get us to some place we can stay low for awhile...

BENNIE
What happened? They catch you stealing towels?
(no response)
I got just the place.

The rickcycle takes off.

BENNIE (CONT'D)
Boss ... I got bad news. A black dune buggy just pulled out. I think they're following us.

QUAIL
(getting out his gun)
Crap! Another few seconds and we would have been lost with dozens of other rickies.

BENNIE
They must have spotted you when we first pulled up. Knew I was waiting for you.

Quail looks up into rearview mirror -- a pair of headlights glares back at him.

INSERT - MED. LONG SHOT (EXTERIOR)

Bennie's rickcycle moves along; half a block back, a black dune buggy follows, at the same slow pace as the rickcycle.

BENNIE
They playing cat-and-mouse with us. Know they can catch us when they ready -- they got an engine.

QUAIL
Turn the corner, up ahead.
(beat)
After we jump out, keep driving.

Quail reaches into his pocket, takes out some money, and shoves it towards Bennie.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
A little extra for your trouble.

Bennie glances back over his shoulder into back seat, carefully enough to see the bill Quail is offering him.

BENNIE
Sorry, Boss, not enough -- to get killed for.

QUAIL
It's the safest thing you can do. Soon as they see I'm gone, they'll get off your tail.

BENNIE
Maybe they shoot first, see you gone later.
(beat)
I got better plan.

QUAIL
Let's hear it.

BENNIE
I lose them for you.

QUAIL
Lose them? On this wheelchair?... Some chance.

BENNIE
We not only got chance -- we sure thing.
(beat)
Hang on!

Bennie reaches down between the handle bars and turns a knob. We HEAR what sounds like a very loud vacuum cleaner.

INSERT - CLOSE - GROUND UNDER THE RICKCYCLE

A TREMENDOUS FORCE CURRENT OF AIR is now HITTING THE GROUND... Suddenly, SLOWLY, the RICKCYCLE LIFTS OFF THE GROUND (obviously propelled by this VAST FORCE AIRCURRENT). ABOUT FIVE FEET OFF THE GROUND, THE RICKCYCLE JUST HOVERS THERE FOR A FEW SECONDS, THEN ZOOMS FORWARD AT A RAPID SPEED -- BUT REMAINING FIVE FEET ABOVE THE GROUND AS IT HURTLES ALONG. Quail and Melina are thrown back in their seat by the initial burst of acceleration.

Behind them, the black dune buggy accelerates to catch up. There is a BLINDING FLASH FROM THE DUNE BUGGY, and a building near where the rickcycle passes IS CHARRED five feet above the ground. QUAIL TURNS AROUND, TAKES AIM, AND FIRES BACK.

Melina starts scrunching herself down on the floor of the rickcycle as low as she can get.

MELINA
(as she takes cover)
These people just can't take no for an answer.

Quail continues to EXCHANGE GUNFIRE with the pursuers. Suddenly, Melina lets out a SHRIEK.

QUAIL
(alarmed)
Are you hit?!

MELINA
No! -- I sat on a screwdriver!

She raises the hand, which holds the offending screwdriver, and heaves it out.

BENNIE
(above the loud engine)
Grab on, I'm turning!

CONTINUED:

Bennie turns the corner (with Quail and Melina barely maintaining their balance to remain in the vehicle) and the rickcycle continues to WHOOSH along, five feet above the ground, now heading down a deserted alley way.

INSERT - CLOSE - MELINA

looking terrified.

The dune buggy makes the turn after them.

MONTAGE

VARIOUS SHOTS, short chase scene, culminating with:

Another deserted alley... as we blaze down it, we can see: the only thing at the end of this alley is the entrance to a LARGE DRAINAGE PIPE. Bennie heads straight for it.

INSERT - LONG SHOT - MOUTH OF DRAINAGE PIPE (Rickcycle's POV)

We are ZOOMING RIGHT TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE DRAIN PIPE at an alarming rate of speed... but what is particularly terrifying about this shot is: we are not quite sure whether the diameter of the drain pipe is wide enough for us to fit through... We have got to thread the eye of the needle.

FAST ZOOM - INTO CLOSE SHOT: MOUTH OF DRAIN PIPE

As we HEAR Melina SCREAMING piercingly.

Suddenly, it's upon us -- and we just barely squeeze through the opening with only inches to spare on either side.

INSERT - CLOSE - Melina screaming.

Her SCREAM ECHOS hideously through the vast metal drain pipe. We are racing through the mouth of the sewer drain pipe at a downward angle of about fifteen degrees.

INTERCUT:

Behind them the black dune buggy heads right into the drain pipe, too -- and SMASHES UP grotesquely... it's too large to fit through.

INTERCUT:

QUAIL STARES BACK UP THROUGH THE DRAIN PIPE, SEES the dune buggy is no longer in pursuit -- and BURNING DEBRIS SPEWS through the drain pipe.

QUAIL
(to Bennie)
That did it. They couldn't squeeze through... Another inch and we wouldn't have.

BENNIE
Right... learn to trust me, Boss.

QUAIL
(smiling appreciatively)
You crazy son-of-a-bitch.

The rickcycle reaches the END of the down-sloping drain pipe, and EMERGES INTO: the SEWERS.

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT

A wide canal of murky, dark water runs through the sewer-tunnel, with narrow walkways on either side. The rickcycle is riding on one of the walkways, alongside the water.

Bennie reaches down, SHUTS OFF THE ENGINE... They are suddenly returned to pedal-power.

BENNIE
No burn gas for nothing. It hard to get.

QUAIL
Tell me -- how is it you don't use the hover-craft motor all the time?

BENNIE
Against the law inside City Dome. Pollutes... Gotta be a VIP to get a permit... I got my juicer on the black market... Keep it stashed for little emergencies like this.

Quail shakes his head in amazement, and Melina smiles in amusement.

QUAIL
(to Melina; wryly)
Well -- what would you like to do next?

MELINA
(sarcastically)
Play mutant golf.

QUAIL
I don't even want to know what that is.

(to Bennie)
Come on, Bennie. Get us someplace they won't blow our heads off.

BENNIE
I take care of everything. You gonna like what I got, Boss.

QUAIL
Oh, yeah?

BENNIE
Remember you ask me to sniff around? About Paradox Project?

MELINA
Paradox Project? What's that?

QUAIL
That's the question... What about it, Bennie?

BENNIE
I make call while you upstairs -- to the right ear. Figured if anybody would know, he know... But he don't talk cheap, Boss.

QUAIL
(interested)
Understood.

BENNIE
And for a price, he can hide you out, too. Where he live, nobody find you.

QUAIL
Sounds good. Let's go see this guy.

Now, as they peddle along, very prominent in BACKGROUND, SOME SHAPES APPEAR SWIMMING IN THE CANAL WATER.

INSERT: LONG SHOT - CREATURES

They are the GANZI-BULLS -- seen earlier in the film, in silhouette in darkness. Now we get a somewhat better look at them -- but they are still in the distance (about 40 feet). We never get any closer look at them, than this. From what we can make out, they appear to be sort of a CROSS BETWEEN AN OCTOPUS AND AN ALLIGATOR.

Melina catches sight of them, and SHUDDERS.

MELINA
(drawing closer to Quail)
Ganzi-Bulls...

QUAIL
(referring to creatures)
We've met.

Bennie glances over his shoulder at Quail; they exchange a look; Bennie grins. They pedal on.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - EARTH - NIGHT

(Establishment shot only.)

INT. U.N. QUARTERS - BILLIARD ROOM - EARTH - NIGHT

In the center of the room, a ROUND BILLIARD TABLE. Again, as in the earlier scene, only the back of the heads of the CHAIRMAN and ADVISOR are seen, and of course their hands as they play the game. Other than the table being round, the only thing different from the pool game with which we are familiar is that the cue sticks are LASER BEAMS, ACTIVATED BY A HAND-CONTROL DEVICE. Also, in the center of the table, are a few wedge-like obstacles -- with which to do bank shots, since the table has no right angles.

A LARGE TV MONITOR is on the nearest wall. The MAN from the previous such scene is seen on the MONITOR talking to the Chairman and Advisor.

MAN ON TV
(taut)
Mr. Chairman... no go.

CHAIRMAN
(back of head seen)
Problem?

MAN ON TV
The problem is--Quail is psychic. That's why he was assigned to Mars in the first place. His mother was a mutant who emigrated to Earth. Through her, he inherited the ability to see three seconds into the future.

CHAIRMAN
(his hand grasps laser stick)
Only three seconds?

MAN ON TV
Sir, in a life or death situation, he knows our next move before we do. The only thing on our side is that he is not aware of his power at present.

CHAIRMAN
(prepares for shot)
I want hourly reports from now on.

TV SCREEN goes BLANK.

CLOSE - BILLIARD TABLE

CHAIRMAN'S laser stick zaps ball; it moves around the table knocking several balls into holes.

ADVISOR
(back of head visible)
If we don't find a way to stop him -- if he gets back inside those Catacombs while he's not on our side -- you know what happens.

CHAIRMAN
(hands prepare for shot)
We've had it... the whole world.
(shoots and misses shot)
Damnit!

ADVISOR
(back of head seen)
Forgive me for saying it, Mr. Chairman, but... I think... we should...

INSERT - EXTREME CLOSE-UP: CHAIRMAN'S EYES (ONLY)

They are fired with fear.

CHAIRMAN
It's unthinkable! Out of the question!

ADVISOR
(shoots)
If we don't do it now--it could be too late...

INSERT - CLOSE: BILLIARD TABLE

The balls are caroming vigorously against each other, but none of them goes in--until finally just the CUE BALL drops in a pocket.

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT (ANOTHER AREA - SHORT TIME LATER)

Bennie is pedaling the rickcycle along, Quail and Melina in back.

As they move along, they encounter a rather strange sight: we see both sides of this tunnel of the sewer are LINED WITH DOUBLE- AND TRIPLE-DECK BUNK BEDS, all rickety and stacked up every which way. RECLINING ON THESE BEDS ARE DOZENS OF RAGGED, SKINNY INDIAN AND ORIENTAL MEN, all of them SMOKING (some puffing cigarettes, and some on long pipes). Of course, the AIR in this area IS HANGING HEAVY WITH SMOKE.

Quail stares at them quizzically.

QUAIL
Who are all these guys?

BENNIE
They just old Smokies. They gotta come down here to smoke...
(beat)
Get used to 'em, Boss -- them and the Ganzi-Bulls... They your neighbors now.

QUAIL
(confused)
Whaddya mean?

Bennie points up ahead: there's a DOOR in the wall that runs parallel to the canal water, about 30 feet ahead.

BENNIE
(gesturing to the door)
That's the place.

QUAIL
This guy <u>lives</u> here?!

BENNIE (smiling)
You said you wanted to stay low for a while.

They arrive at the door; get out, and walk up to it. There's a large, square PEEPHOLE in the center of the door.

The PEEPHOLE OPENS, and A FACE APPEARS.

BENNIE
(to the face in the peephole)
Eskay quim.

MAN AT THE PEEPHOLE
Yah. Poly-pop, nee torkin.

Peephole closes. The door opens and they are admitted.

INT. UNDERGROUND QUARTERS - NIGHT

The interior of the room is an amazing contrast to its sewer exterior. Here inside, it is a strange combination of Oriental opulance and 21st century flash. It looks like something out of the Arabian Nights.

BENNIE
(to Quail)
All set. He ready to talk turkey.
(beat)
I be around.
(he leaves)

The man who opened the door is an enormously powerful man, apparently a servant by his manner. He motions them to follow.

Inside the next room, they find: a SLENDER LITTLE MAN, sitting in an immense Oriental wicker chair. Although his features are Oriental, he is very much a Peter Lorre-type; he wears a small fez cap (the kind they wear in Casablanca, or the Casbah).

The servant remains in the room, but standing over by the door. (Perhaps, we might assume, as a bodyguard for the weird little man.)

WEIRD LITTLE MAN
(nodding to them)
Your servant, Ignacious Kuato.
(beat)
I greet you by the twenty-seven names that still remain, praying that you have cast more jewels into the darkness and given them to glow with the colors of life.

QUAIL
Yeah. I'm Quail. This is Melina.

Kuato picks up a little bell and tinkles it. Another servant enters, a mutant, carrying a tea tray. He begins pouring tea for the three of them.

KUATO
This is a most rare herbal tea known as Virgin Haiku. It has little breeding, but I think you will be amused by its presumption.

Kuato begins to sip on his tea; he gestures for them to sit. They do. Melina sips her tea; Quail ignores his.

QUAIL
Bennie said you could put us up for a while. I'll pay you.

KUATO
Long as you like. You are safe here, from ten thousand prying eyes.

QUAIL
He said you know what the Paradox Project is.

KUATO
To some degree.

QUAIL
What?

KUATO
It refers to some highly secretive tests the government is conducting in the Martian Federal Prison.

QUAIL
Prison?

He glances at Melina -- since this next possibility he concealed from her in their first meeting.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
Is it by any chance connected to the Point Paradox where the Catacombs are?

KUATO
Very apparently. They moved some of the devices from the Catacombs into the prison, where they are being deployed in these tests.

MELINA
(to Quail; hurt)
Didn't you trust me enough to ask if I knew?

QUAIL
(to her)
I wasn't ready yet.
(to Kuato)
Can you get me more specific information?

KUATO
Would you like to see the tests?

Quail is dumbfounded.

QUAIL
You're kidding?

KUATO
In my profession, one must always have a few greased palms in the penal colony.
(beat)
Certain financially underprivileged guards have made available to me an illicit video cassette of these tests.

QUAIL
(intense)
A tape. I want to see it.

KUATO
Certainly. I would require the sum of ten thousand credits.

QUAIL
Ten thousand!

KUATO
Martian credits. Earth credits are devaluating alarmingly here.

QUAIL
Okay, okay...
(beat)
Is the tape here?

KUATO
Yes. First, be so kind as to join me at my dinner.
(beat)
You may wish to refresh yourselves. Chung will show you to your rooms.

He gestures, and Chung, the mutant servant, walks over and starts leading Quail and Melina out.

KUATO (CONT'D)
(to them, as they leave)
May the ten thousand blossoms of abject self-assumed poverty flower in your spiritual courtyard.

QUAIL
(turns just before being led out the door)
You're big on the number ten thousand, aren't you?

KUATO
(getting his meaning)
Man cannot live by philosophy alone.

INT. BEDROOM AND ADJOINING BATH OF UNDERGROUND QUARTERS - NIGHT

Chung is just exiting the room, closing the door and leaving Melina and Quail alone.

MELINA
(gesturing toward bathroom)
You want to use the shower first?

QUAIL
I'll arm-wrestle you for it.

MELINA
You're bigger than me.

QUAIL
You can cheat.

He walks over to a BUREAU against the wall, puts his elbow down in arm-wrestling position, and gestures for her to come over.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
(as Melina reaches him)
You use two.

Melina, smiling, leans both of her elbows on the bureau, and clasps his hand in an arm-wrestling position, with her two hands; both stand at the bureau, just bending slightly at the waist. They STRUGGLE like that, neither of them gaining or losing ground at all, for a very brief moment. After about only five seconds, Quail speaks.

QUAIL
(grinning)
Guess what? ...It's a draw.

CLOSE - QUAIL

smiling broadly.

INT. BATHROOM (SHOWER) - NIGHT

MEDIUM CLOSE - MELINA AND QUAIL

They're standing under the shower together, embracing each other as the steaming vapors rise around them. Quail nibbles on her ear. They kiss passionately.

INT. U.N. QUARTERS (MASSAGE ROOM) - EARTH - DAY

The Chairman and the same Advisor we saw him with last time are lying on massage tables next to each other; they are under sheets, on their stomachs, nude, the sheets covering only the lower half of their bodies.

Standing in between the two tables is A ROBOT MASSEUR -- WITH FOUR ARMS, TWO ARMS WORKING ON EACH OF THE TWO MEN SIMULTANEOUSLY. The robot wears a "STILLMAN'S GYM" T-SHIRT; ITS FOUR HANDS ARE SOFT RUBBER, FLESH-COLORED. The men talk while they are being massaged.

ADVISOR
He might be closing in on it. He could have seen enough by now to put two and two together. Then all he needs is access to the Catacombs.

CHAIRMAN
The Martians will give him that if he jumps to their team.

ADVISOR
Then the Martians must be warned not to aid him. If they do, it will be at the risk of war.

LOUD SLAPPING SOUNDS as the ROBOT'S HANDS work.

CHAIRMAN
(grunts; to Robot)
Watch that shoulder.
(to Advisor; disturbed)
There must be some other way.

ADVISOR
There isn't!
(beat)
Our lab people tell us we're at best two years away from a full-scale model that functions... Mars has one now.

CHAIRMAN
All they need is Quail.

The Advisor nods grimly.

INT. KUATO'S SEWER HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

Quail, Melina, and Kuato are seated at the dinner table; food, in serving dishes, in the center.

Kuato proffers a food bowl from the center towards Melina and Quail.

KUATO
(ebullient)
You must try some of this. It is exquisite.

QUAIL
What is it?

KUATO
Steamed Ganzi-Bull lung.

QUAIL
No thanks, I'm trying to quit.

Melina grimaces in distaste.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
Kuato, let's get on with it. I want to see the tape.

Kuato tinkles the bell; Chung appears.

KUATO
(to Chung)
The cassette, please.

Chung turns some controls, and a full wall TV screen FLICKERS ON.

CLOSE: TV SCREEN. THE TAPE BEGINS TO RUN.

A Title Card appears on the screen:

MARS DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
OFFICE OF RESEARCH
2037
MOST SECRET
EYES ONLY

This Title Card is replaced by another:

UNAUTHORIZED VIEWING
Will Result In Criminal Prosecution.
It Is A Federal Offense To View This
Without Prior Written Authorization
From The Department of Defense.

A final Title Card...

PARADOX PROJECT

...and the tape begins. On the SCREEN appears:

A LARGE, STRANGE-LOOKING APPARATUS. It appears to be a machine of some sort, but is extremely exotic-looking. The cramped camera angle makes it impossible to see what the room looks like.

A number of white-coated SCIENTISTS, all with dark goggles hanging around their necks, are moving about the machine, preparing an experiment. The CAMERA remains in this single, locked-down position through the entire tape, like some awkwardly photographed scientific film.

Suddenly a MAN in prison clothing is led to the machine. Stencilled on the back of his shirt as a large number. A NARRATOR begins speaking, in a cool, quiet voice.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Test Subject number 603. Male
Caucasian Mutant, Type 2. Age 43.

Two large HANDLES protrude from the machine; two scientists TAPE the Mutant's hands to these handles. They pull long strips of white surgical tape off rolls and wind them around the Mutant's hands so he cannot release the handles. He looks frightened.

About ten feet away, a large LASER is pointed straight at the Mutant. A metal plate stands between him and the laser.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The metal shield has been provided in the event the field collapses.

The scientists attach a blood pressure cuff to the Mutant's arm, and step back.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
A rubber ball was used to determine if the field was operating.

One of the scientists tosses a rubber ball at the Mutant. It gets within a couple of feet of him, then, with a LOUD BUZZ, a DOME OF INTENSE YELLOW LIGHT appears around the Mutant for a fraction of a second. (The dome surrounds not only the man, but the metal shield as well.) The ball BOUNCES OFF the dome of light, which promptly vanishes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Having determined the viability of the Test Subject, the test was commenced.

The scientists all pull on their dark goggles. A small CLOCK APPEARS in the lower corner of the screen: "000".

One of the scientists moves to a console and switches on the LASER. A beam of red light shoots straight at the Mutant's HEAD -- and the DOME OF YELLOW LIGHT reappears around him (and the machine), protecting him. The laser light BOUNCES OFF THE DOME.

For a long moment, nothing happens. The clock is ticking ... 011, 012, 013. Then the dome begins to CHANGE COLOR... it turns LAVENDER...and the HUM RISES IN TONE.

Gradually the dome grows brighter, turning RED.

Now the dome turns ORANGE ... and the Mutant suddenly COLLAPSES. At the same moment, the DOME DISAPPEARS, and the LASER SHOOTS THROUGH. The laser is stopped by the metal shield, but still:

BLOOD SQUIRTS FROM THE MUTANT'S MOUTH, NOSE, AND EARS. Two scientists hurry forward to take the Mutant's pulse.

The CLOCK is frozen at "023".

NARRATOR (V.O.)
At twenty-three seconds the subject succumbed. Proximate cause of death: cerebral hemmorhage.

The tape ENDS.

Quail and Melina are sickened by what they have seen on the tape. They are unable to give further consideration to eating any dinner. But Kuato seems unaffected. He placidly sips his dinner wine.

MELINA
(nauseated)
Oh, God. That's awful.
(she turns away)

KUATO
My informant tells me two additional factors. One, the tests are being conducted only on chickenheads.

At this moment, Chung comes INTO FRAME, refilling Kuato's wine -- and Kuato gives a little apologetic bow of his head toward Chung -- whose face is disfigured.

KUATO (CONT'D)
My apologies -- they are testing <u>mutants</u>.
(to Chung)
Please bring tea for our guests. I'll have mine later.
(to Quail)
...And two, the Martian Federals, though not certain, suspect that there is a missing piece to the apparatus -- that may be the reason the testees are dying.

QUAIL
Missing piece?

MELINA
(lighting up)
Of course.
(beat)
Remember, I told you the government cordoned off the Catacombs.

QUAIL
Yeah?

MELINA
That was after Professor Saunderson finally translated some hieroglyphics on the walls there.

QUAIL
(intensifying)
They explain what the machinery does?

MELINA
No. We've never been able to figure that out -- except that it's highly advanced.
(beat)
But the hieroglyphics predicted that after the passage of ages, a missing part to the machinery would appear that would enable it to function.

QUAIL
(it hits him)
That's why Earth wants me dead -- I found the key to the machine... I know the X-factor.
(beat)
Or I did, before they wiped my mind.
(brain spinning)
Why is that machinery so dangerous to Earth?

MELINA
There's one man who can help us find out.
(beat)
Brother Cassandro.

KUATO
Ah, yes, the mutant priest. Here in the Quarter.

MELINA
I've known him all my life... I'm sure he can help us.

QUAIL
How can a priest help us?

MELINA
You'll know that when you meet him. I'll call him right away.

Chung appears and sets tea cups down in front of Quail and Melina.

KUATO
First, at least have your tea.

QUAIL
No time now. We need to use your phone.

Kuato picks up Quail's tea cup.

KUATO
It must be consumed at the peak of its steep.
(he takes a deep drink of it)

CHUNG
(hovering nearby)
No! I'll fix you a fresh cup!

KUATO
(rather startled)
This will do nicely.

He drinks deeply from it again -- and suddenly HIS EYES BULGE in fear and pain. He stares at Chung, who looks at him, sweating and frantic. Recognition crosses Kuato's face, and without a word, he reaches inside the sleeve of his kaftan, WITHDRAWS A DAGGER, and HURLS it point blank at Chung, HITTING HIM IN THE HEART. Chung INSTANTLY DIES. Kuato turns to Quail and says:

KUATO
(gasping)
He poisoned your tea. I fear
I drank too much.

He slumps backward in his chair.

KUATO (weakly)
A viper in the sanctuary of Kuato.
Forgive me... I did not know. I shall
avoid his services in the next life.
(beat)
By the way, dear man, you owe me ten
thousand credits.

He smiles and dies. Melina and Quail stare, stunned.

INT. U.N. QUARTERS - EARTH - GYM (JACUZZI) - DAY

In B.G., two uniformed OFFICERS holding space rifles stand guard at the door.

In the large JACUZZI sit the Chairman and the Advisor. On the tiled floor directly behind them is the SEAL OF THE CHAIRMAN.

The water in the Jacuzzi bubbles, steam rising.

ADVISOR
If Quail gives Mars that awesome a military defense, they will permanently stop exporting turbinium. Keep it for their own consumption. And there will be nothing we can do about it.
(beat)
We always knew if they ever got military parity, they would fight to the death for Independence... This would give them one step above parity.
(beat)
You have no choice. You've got to do it.

The two stare at each other intensely.

ADVISOR (CONT'D)
Mr. Chairman -- Hiroshima was necessary.

CHAIRMAN
(sadly)
But I thought one was enough to last an eternity.

The Chairman now looks down for a long moment; finally:

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)
All right...
(strongly)
But I want them warned... We'll give them an ultimatum. Twelve hours.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - WATER IN JACUZZI

Hot, fiercely churning bubbles.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Quail and Melina are walking quickly along the crowded street; he carries his survival kit.

They come to an intersection and stop, waiting for the light to change.

While they wait for the light to turn green, they watch one of the giant outdoor TV screens which are used for public service bulletins, which are hanging over every major intersection.

Suddenly, the public service spot is interrupted by static. The static clears, and on the screen is the Seal of the Planet Earth.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Your attention, please. All colonists of Mars stand by for a special message from the Chairman of United Earth.

The seal vanishes and the CHAIRMAN OF EARTH appears. He speaks with slow deliberation.

CHAIRMAN OF EARTH
When colonization of Mars began twenty-four years ago, all of you -- every man, woman, and child -- were entrusted with a sacred duty: the duty never to threaten the collective security of your mother planet, Earth. But that trust has now been breached, and unless it is corrected voluntarily and immediately, we of Earth must take drastic sanctions to correct it.

The crowd in the street has grown quiet, and everyone is watching the screen with utmost concentration.

Now, the Chairman's image is replaced by a STILL PHOTO -- of QUAIL.

CHAIRMAN'S VOICE
This man is a former agent with Earth's intelligence organization. His name is Douglas Hauser, also known as Walter Quail. He is currently at large in the city of Chryse Planitia... or elsewhere on Mars.

ANGLE: LOOKING DOWN THE LONG BOULEVARD. Above every intersection is a huge TV screen, with QUAIL'S IMAGE REPEATED all the way down the street.

CHAIRMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Study this face well. We want him back, and we want him now. Unless he is turned over to Earth representatives within 12 hours from now, Earth will have no choice but to fire three Phoenix missiles with warheads of 50 megatons, at three undesignated Martian targets, two of which are populated city-domes.

GASPS from the crowds in the street. Quail has turned his collar up and shrunken down into himself. Melina looks stricken.

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)
(his face reappearing)
The 12 hours commences now at oh-five-hundred, Zero Meridian Martian Time. We deeply regret this action. May God forgive us.

QUAIL'S IMAGE IS FLASHED BACK ON THE SCREEN for identification purposes.

Standing next to Quail is A LITTLE BOY -- about 8 or 9 years old. He looks at the TV monitor and back at Quail. Then he tugs at his MOTHER'S sleeve, who is still staring intently, in a state of shock, at the TV.

LITTLE BOY
Mommy! Look at that man's face!

MOTHER
(distracted, looking at Quail's IMAGE ON TV)
Jimmy -- I told you not to make fun of mutants.
(she turns toward Quail)
Sorry, mister --
(breaks off)

WOMAN'S POV - THE CURB, where Quail and Melina were standing: they are gone. There is just a gap in the crowd there now.

QUAIL'S TV IMAGE VANISHES and is replaced by the message: "PLEASE STAND BY."

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Stand by for the Chancellor of Mars.

The CHANCELLOR OF MARS appears on the screen, looking flustered and shaken.

CHANCELLOR OF MARS
(stammering occasionally)
Fellow Martians. As you know, we have been prohibited from constructing defensive missiles, which would protect us. Nor have we been allowed to orbit missile platforms above Earth -- like those hovering over our heads. We are utterly without retaliatory capability. I have initiated diplomatic talks with Earth to dissuade them from their course, but...
(impassioned plea)
If you have any information regarding this man's whereabouts, please call...

EXT. MUTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

An extremely dilapidated theater has been converted to a CHURCH. On the marquee, where the names of movies used to be announced, the black and red plastic letters spell out:

MUTANTS FOR CHRIST CHURCH
THE REV. BROTHER CASSANDRO SPEAKS

Above the marquee is an enormous cut-out picture, a crucifixion with a TWO-HEADED Christ.

Now we HEAR a VOICE-OVER; the VOICE is laid over the above shot, and CONTINUES over the NEXT SHOT.

VOICE (O.S.)
(dramatic)
... shall see your Messiah appear again... here on Mars... That time is nigh.
(quieter)
Look around you -- he may be here now.

Melina and Quail APPEAR in frame, Quail carrying his small kit. They are seen ENTERING the church. He has splashed mud on his face, and his hair is down in his eyes. He looks like an anonymous transient.

INT. CASSANDRO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Melina and Quail are being USHERED IN, by a MUTANT NUN.

MUTANT NUN
(leading them in)
He is just finishing his sermon, now. He knows it is urgent. He's coming right up.

She leaves them, closing the door. Melina and Quail stand there, edgy and impatient. Quail puts down his survival kit, and Melina sits down.

Abruptly, the door opens, and in walks a VERY TALL BLACK MAN, wearing a flowing red robe, with a cowl up.

MELINA
(getting up from her chair; hesitant)
Brother Cassandro, this is the friend of mine who is in trouble.

BROTHER CASSANDRO walks right past her, brusquely, to Quail, and SMASHES QUAIL IN THE JAW with his huge fist. Quail COLLAPSES, but is not unconscious. He lies there a few feet away -- where his body has been knocked to -- stunned. Cassandro lunges forward toward the prone Quail -- apparently to finish clobbering him. Quail responds with astounding reflex action, KICKS Cassandro's legs out from under him with one vicious swipe.

Cassandro hits the floor and instantaneously Quail is upon him with two rapid-fire cross-punches to the jaw -- both men on the floor now, Quail straddling Cassandro as he punches him. Cassandro explodes both his arms outward at the same time, the fists pounding into Quail's chest like two huge mallets -- and sends him flying across the room. (It is obvious Cassandro is enormously powerful.) Both scramble

to their feet and charge at each other; Cassandro throwing a huge roundhouse blow. Quail blocks it with a forearm, and pile-drives a vicious blow to Cassandro's kidney. The blow empties him of air and Quail seizes the big man's setback, to drive two more blows to his body, like pistons. Cassandro staggers back against the wall, badly shaken up. Quail goes for the kill with a brutal chop to the windpipe, but Cassandro gets a big ham fist up on front of his neck and blunts the blow; in the same instant, with his other hand, Cassandro reaches up above him on the wall, grabbing hold of something he has caught a glimpse of up there. He tears it loose from where it hangs on the wall and SMASHES DOWN with all his might into Quail. (It is a HEAVY LEAD RELIGIOUS SYMBOL, perhaps similar to a cross.)

Quail crumples from the blow of this blunt instrument. Even though the blow has only landed on the side of his neck, it immediatlely loses him the aggressor position. Cassandro rapidly brings down the heavy lead religious symbol ONCE MORE with crushing effect; Quail weaves his head at the last second as the blow lands, causing it to miss his head by inches, but it still crunches into his shoulder. It has devastating effect and he in now groggy and an easy target, as Cassandro now has the time to more deliberately gauge his next blow for Quail's head -- he raises the religious symbol and -- he FREEZES IN MID-AIR -- Just stands there with the instrument raised... like a statue, not moving a muscle.

CAMERA SWISH PANS RAPIDLY TO THE DOOR: In the doorway stands A LOOKALIKE of Cassandro -- another VERY TALL BLACK MAN IN RED ROBE WITH COWL UP. His HAND IS RAISED, palm outward, facing toward the first TALL BLACK MAN. A glint of iridescent color BEAMS out of the second black man's palm -- it RADIATES from a RING on his finger; a HUMMING NOISE EMITS form it.

MELINA
(staring at the first tall black man frozen in the middle of the room)
He's not --

Now Melina rushes to the second black man (with the ring), who still stands near the doorway. She seizes his hands in her own.

MELINA
(gesturing towards the first man)
With his hood up like that, I thought he was you.

CASSANDRO
Anyone would. That's what he wanted.
(beat)
He won't bother us for a couple of hours. He'll come out of it later.

MELINA
(to Cassandro; gesturing to his ring)
I'll bet that thing makes an incredible frozen dacquiri.
(looking back at the "frozen" man)
Who is he?

Quail, who is just now barely regaining his strength, answers for Cassandro:

QUAIL
Gotta be either E.I.O. or Mars Fed.

MELINA
(to Cassandro; gesturing toward Quail)
This is --

CASSANDRO
(looking at Quail penetratingly)
I know who he is. He is the most dangerous man on Mars.
(he glares for a moment; his presence overpowering)
Come this way.

He walks on through his office, leading them into the next room, which is:

INT. CASSANDRO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Very austere. Hardwood floors. Very little furniture. Many books. A round table in the middle of the room. No air conditioning -- hot and sweaty. (Perhaps an old-fashioned overhead fan.) They enter, with Quail still nursing his sore shoulder.

QUAIL
(still catching his breath)
Look, I --

CASSANDRO
Don't talk, I'm reading your mind.
(concentrates)

He puts his hand to his brow, signifying it's something he can't bear.

CASSANDRO (CONT'D)
Oh, good Lord!

QUAIL
What? What is it?

CASSANDRO
Nothing, I just don't feel very well today.

MELINA
Brother Cassandro -- have you been drinking again?

CASSANDRO
A man has to do something in this godforsaken spot.

QUAIL
(snorting; to Melina)
Great! They're blowing our asses off the map and you bring me to the only man who can help us -- an alcoholic monk.

MELINA
He's not an alcoholic -- he just drinks.

As they are speaking, a MUTANT NUN comes in carrying a tray with three MUGS OF STEAMING BREW. She heads towards them with the tray.

CASSANDRO
You're in no position, Mr. Hauser, to be attacking my character with such blatantly false accusations.

MUTANT NUN
Your evening tea.

She puts a mug on the table in front of each of them. Then, automatically, picks up what is obviously a WHISKEY DECANTER from an end table and comes back over to POUR A SHOT FROM IT INTO CASSANDRO'S TEA. Cassandro GLANCES FURTIVELY AT QUAIL, sees he is watching, so Cassandro QUICKLY COVERS THE TOP OF HIS MUG with his hand, piously shakes his head 'no' at the Nun.

CASSANDRO
(to Quail)
If you want me to help you, I'll have to scan you deeper.

MELINA
(to Quail)
He has a higher plane of psychic energy than I do.

QUAIL
(suspicious)
Why should you help us?

CASSANDRO
Mutants must stick together.

QUAIL
But, I'm not a mutant.

CASSANDRO
I'm afraid you are. You have mutant blood. I can feel it.
(to Melina)
If you think I have a high psychic level, you should see his.

QUAIL
You're crazy. I'm not a mutant.

MELINA
Let's not labor it. We'll shake the family tree later. You never know. Do as the man says...

Quail makes an acquiescent gesture. Cassandro pulls a chair out from the round table. He motions Melina and Quail to sit. The three of them seat themselves around the circular table.

CASSANDRO (CONT'D)
(stares piercingly at Quail)
It's easy to read your conscious mind; but now I have to break through deep mind blocks. To do so, I must speak through the Oracle Head.

QUAIL
The what?

MELINA
You'll see.

CASSANDRO
But I must warn you, Mr. Hauser, that it is not entirely reliable.

He puts out all the lights, except for a pale blue one that shines directly over the table, illuminating their faces. He lights candles.

Then Cassandro turns his chair around, so that his back is toward the table. Quail gives him a puzzled look.

CLOSE -- The back of Cassandro's head, covered by the cowl. He reaches up and LOWERS THE COWL, REVEALING:

A TINY LITTLE HEAD, GROWING OUT OF THE BACK OF HIS HEAD. The head's eyes are closed in sleep. It is utterly hairless, a shrivelled, ancient-looking, little brown ball.

CASSANDRO
Join hands with me ... so we form a three-sided circle.

Cassandro's back still to them (so the tiny head faces them), he reaches behind him and holds hands with both of them.

With the lights out, the flames flickering eerie shadows across their faces, and their hands joined, there is very much the spooky feeling of an old-fashioned seance.

The moment their hands touch, the LITTLE FACE TWITCHES, YAWNS, and its EYES OPEN, blinking. It looks at Melina, then at Quail. Quail STARES at it.

It opens its toothless little mouth and SPEAKS.

ORACLE HEAD
Do not fear me, or I cannot help you.
(beat)
I need your openness.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON QUAIL'S frightened eyes, until the SHOT BECOMES ABSTRACT.

ORACLE HEAD (CONT'D)
Open your thoughts to our presence...

CONTINUE ZOOM until ENTIRE FRAME is filled by Quail's EYE, into distortion.

ORACLE HEAD (CONT'D)
Open...

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACKNESS BROKEN BY PULSES OF WHITE LIGHT

The white light pulses gradually get longer, and the black periods grow shorter, until the screen is virtually bathed in the white light, broken by very fleeting glimpses of darkness.

Now the dark pulses begin to lengthen again and become scenes passing at first quickly by, separated by the white light. The early scenes contain information which is already familiar; thus we will see them in only half-second shots -- moving so quickly they barely register -- almost subliminal. As the scenes get closer to the new information that is being disclosed, they get longer.

It is important that the alternations between dark (action) and (white) light be rhythmical so as to create a hypnotic, dream-like feeling.

The SOUND that punctuates each cut of this MONTAGE is a distant filtered version of the EXPLODING AIR LOCK DOORS OF THE TITLE SEQUENCE.

As the scenes continue, the sound gets LOUDER. Except for these EXPLOSIONS, there is NO SOUND -- other than the STRANGE MUSIC (perhaps a Moog Synthesizer).

The early scenes of the MONTAGE (the rapid-fire, subliminal ones) are several of the scenes we saw in the film's early MONTAGE -- when Melina was scanning Quail herself: such as:

QUAIL IN CARNIVAL HOUSE OF MIRRORS

He is distorted; one of the mirrors reflects back into the CAMERA'S eye to become the white light.

QUAIL IN HOSPITAL BED, HEAVILY DRUGGED

Several Doctors stand over him in heated argument. (In pantomime.) One of them looks into Quail's eyes with a light, which becomes the white light.

Now the scenes start slowing down, to normal -- and we see the part of the MONTAGE that is new to us: (The white light in hospital scene DISSOLVES TO:)

INT. STRANGE RED GLOWING ROOM - DAY OR NIGHT

CLOSEUP of Quail's face. We cannot see the b.g. clearly, and it is OUT OF FOCUS, but Quail appears to be in some kind of strange room with glowing lights.

CLOSE - A CONTROL PANEL. This control panel is extremely strange-looking... and it seems to be part of a larger machine that we cannot see, because of the tightness of the shot.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - QUAIL'S FACE. Momentarily, the pupils of his eyes GLOW with a brilliant ORANGE LIGHT, and then he grimaces with agonizing pain.

FAST FADE TO BLACK.

FAST FADE IN:

SAME AREA - LATER

CLOSE: BUBBLING, COLD WATER. Shot widens to show Quail leaning over the mouth of a WELL. We now see that he wears a thermal suit (same one seen in the film's TITLE SEQUENCE).

In very close shots, Quail reaches to his belt and unclips a small CANNISTER. He opens it and dumps out the ammunition it contains.

Then he opens the top of the box and places SOMETHING in it -- but we cannot see what it is. He closes the lid of the cannister, sealing it.

Then he leans over the well and drops it. It hits the water with a splash, sending out concentric circles of ripples.

BENEATH THE WATER

The box floats down to the bottom of the well and lands in the mud at the bottom, stirring up a cloud.

ON QUAIL, who hustles out of the room. He closes a thick bronze door, then removes from his belt some kind of small electronic device. He takes some sort of "reading" with it. Satisfied he has the proper spot, he clamps it to the base of the door (device is magnetized).

INSERT: CLOSE - QUAIL'S HANDS AND SMALL DEVICE

as Quail sets a timer and punches a button. A light on the device flashes "ARMED." Now Quail pulls over his face a breather mask. (With this on and his white thermal suit, he now appears <u>exactly</u> as he did in the film's TITLE SEQUENCE.)

INTERCUT:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY OR NIGHT

Quail running through this strange, luminous, almost-translucent corridor.

(<u>NOTE</u>: HERE, REPEAT EXACTLY THE FOOTAGE SEEN ON PAGE 2 OF THE FILM'S TITLE SEQUENCE -- WHERE QUAIL IS RUNNING THROUGH A TUNNEL-LIKE, UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR.)

Now, EXPLOSION SOUNDS (which we have started to hear in the b.g.) are becoming progressively more present, and are VERY LOUD. Quail is clawing at a closed door, trying desperately to get it open and looking fearfully back over his shoulder towards the door at the far end of the corridor. Suddenly, in SLOW MOTION, the door at the far end of the corridor is blown off EXPLOSIVELY, and flame and smoke rush toward the CAMERA.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. CASSANDRO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The SOUND TRACK comes back in, once again denoting the return to reality.

QUAIL
(weak)
It was eerie! I saw everything! I saw myself hide something... it must have been the missing piece ... I hid it in a well...

ORACLE HEAD
All of us experienced what you saw. Tell me not what you saw. Tell me what you wish to know.

QUAIL
What was that place?

ORACLE HEAD
You call it the Catacombs.

QUAIL
What was that machine?

ORACLE HEAD
It is a particle field generator, over four million years old.

QUAIL
What does it do?

ORACLE HEAD
It enhances the power of the human mind as a military weapon.

QUAIL
In what way?

ORACLE HEAD
It projects an energy-matter field.

QUAIL
Can it stop a nuclear attack?

ORACLE HEAD
Yes.

QUAIL
Good God. How does it do that?

ORACLE HEAD
That is beyond your comprehension. Einstein's Unified Field Theory.

A pause.

ORACLE HEAD (CONT'D)
I see you are considering surrendering yourself. Even so, Earth will still launch her missiles to destroy Chryse Planitia, Pioneer City, and the Catacombs.

QUAIL
(shocked)
Why?

ORACLE HEAD
They want control of the Martian turbinium deposits. If they launch on the Catacombs, they obliterate the particle field generator -- before it is activated.

QUAIL
I'll call Mars Fed and tell them where the missing piece is!

ORACLE HEAD
No avail. You must go to the Catacombs and do it yourself.

QUAIL
Why?

ORACLE HEAD
There is a reason, but I am too weary to tell you.

QUAIL
But I need --

ORACLE HEAD
No more, I am weary.

The little eyes close.

Cassandro collapses forward, falling off his chair.

Quail and Melina help him back into his chair, but now facing front. HE RAISES HIS COWL, COVERING THE ORACLE HEAD, and turns the lights back up.

All three are totally drained, sweating, as if they just finished a five-mile race.

QUAIL
(to Cassandro)
Did you hear all that?

CASSANDRO
Yes, but you can't believe all of what it tells you. When my back is turned, it sometimes sneaks a couple belts of the booze.

QUAIL
How much can we believe?

CASSANDRO
I have no way of knowing that. But sometimes it is quite accurate. And I have heard of the Unified Field Theory. Einstein was working on it when he died. And... I saw something myself when the Oracle was talking... a vision... something in the future...

Quail becomes very intent.

QUAIL
What?

CASSANDRO
I saw giant white fireballs... bodies seared... hundreds of thousands dying.

Melina starts sobbing. Quail moans softly.

CASSANDRO (CONT'D)
It might never happen. It might be just our fears I was seeing... Fear is intense. It can overwhelm the psyche and give off false signals.

MELINA
I can buy that. Because right now, Brother, I'm so scared, I'm shaking inside.

QUAIL
So am I. But I'm going out to those Catacombs, plug in that missing piece, and see what happens.

INT. OLD OFFICE - NIGHT

This is a deserted old office above the mutant church.

OPEN CLOSE ON MAP OF MARS TERRITORY

The map covers the area of Chryse Planitia and Point Paradox (the Catacombs' location). It is pinned to the wall.

QUAIL (V.O.)
... And another laser .52... thermal suits... breathing masks... graplon gun with chest winch... stone magnet shoes... glass duster...

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO WIDER ANGLE:

Included in the shot now is Quail talking into the phone, and Melina standing apprehensively nearby.

QUAIL (CONT'D)
... I guess that's it. Plus the vehicle -- with the road blocked off, we'll need a sandsub. Can you get one? ... How long...? Right!
(beat)
By morning, Bennie, you'll either be a national hero, or you'll be dead.
(he hangs up)

MELINA
I'm coming with you.

QUAIL
No. You get as far away as you can from the Catacombs and Chryse Planitia -- and Pioneer City.

MELINA
I can read the hieroglyphics on the walls. They might help you fit in the missing piece and operate the generator.

QUAIL
Melina, I don't...

MELINA
I might be able to make the difference.

QUAIL
(simply)
Alright.

They embrace; just stand there, holding each other.

MELINA
What are you thinking?

QUAIL
You already know, you're a Gypsy.

MELINA
I'd like to hear it.

QUAIL
I fell in love with you twice...
That's an extra turn. So, whatever
happens, we're luckier than most people.

As they embrace quietly, they gently stroke each other's backs, trying to drain off the tension.

EXT. MARTIAN DESERT - NIGHT

Burnt, almost purplish-red sand under an indigo sky. Phobos and Deimos glow in that sky.

A CAMEL TRAIN makes its way along the shifting dunes. They are normal Earth camels, except they wear RESPIRATOR MASKS ON THEIR HEADS. They are ridden by PEOPLE whose faces are hidden by their own RESPIRATORS.

INSERT: POV - BINOCULAR SHOT

of the camel train. We are clearly looking through some kind of telescopic sight, WITH CROSSHAIRS.

LOW ANGLE

We NOW SEE a PERISCOPE, SLICING THROUGH THE SAND at a high speed, and BARELY PROTRUDING ABOVE THE GROUND. It moves along, apparently without effort; the front edge is like a knife blade.

INT. STRANGE VEHICLE - NIGHT

Bennie-the-Rickie is driving. Quail is carefully checking out a pistol on seat next to him. Bennie PEERS THROUGH a PERISCOPE (as he drives). Melina is in the back seat.

BENNIE
(using periscope)
Camel train at eleven o'clock.

We now fully comprehend the meaning of this very strange vehicle: it is a form of submarine -- but so bizarre that no one has ever seen it before; the reason is: it does not travel below the surface of water, but instead travels below the surface of sand! ...Grinding and vibrating, it burrows along like a mechanical mole... so what we see through its cockpit window are swirling "waves" of sand being parted by the ship's giant corkscrew nose cone. (SEE RENDERING.)

QUAIL
(referring to camel train)
Are they following us?

BENNIE
(laughs)
If they are, they get there two years late. We move slow, chugging underground like this, but not that slow.

QUAIL
Can't you get any more speed out of this thing?

BENNIE
Not moving through sand. We could move faster if we were going through mud, but there ain't no mud on Mars, Boss.

Quail looks at his watch nervously.

QUAIL (to Bennie)
How much further?

MELINA (interjecting)
What does it matter when you're having fun?

Without warning, the SUB LURCHES VIOLENTLY, and simultaneously there is A LOUD THUDDING NOISE; the vehicle COMES TO A HALT. Everyone is thrown around in their seats, and disoriented.

QUAIL
What the hell happened?!

BENNIE
Buried boulder -- radar on the fritz. It okay, we just go 'round it.

But suddenly the SUB FILLS WITH CLOUDS OF DUST. Melina, Quail, and Bennie all START TO CHOKE AND COUGH.

BENNIE
(shouts)
Sand leak! Breathing masks!

All three immediately don RESPIRATORS -- constantly coughing until they get them on. When the masks are on, the coughing and choking stop; their VOICES are FILTERED.

QUAIL
(grimly)
This thing gonna keep running?

BENNIE
It small leak. We get there, but we lose lot of time. Sand in drive shaft slow us down.

Quail checks his watch; the tension shows in his face.

INTERCUT:

EXT. SATELLITE MISSILE BASE - OUTER SPACE (MARS ORBIT)

The EARTH-CONTROLLED SATELLITE BASE is MOVING SLOWLY through space, nothing else in sight, except Mars' two moons, Phobos and Deimos.

But, abruptly, MOVING INTO FRAME, is:

MARS -- the ENORMITY of its size telling us dramatically how close the Red Planet is to the orbiting missile base.

INT. SATELLITE MISSILE BASE (NO WINDOWS)

This is a highly complex control room. We SEE many devices operating, and monitoring them is a YOUNG LIEUTENANT. He watches the board closely. The equipment is functioning; circuits closing, lights flickering, switches closing, etc.

An OLDER OFFICER comes into the room, a COLONEL.

COLONEL
How are we doing, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT
Everything in operation, sir.

EARTH CONTROL VOICE (V.O.)
(coming from speaker)
Commence time check for missile launch.

LIEUTENANT
(checking console; nervously)
Two hours and counting.

The Colonel stands observing the Lieutenant watchfully, who goes about his operations check.

Most prominently featured in this control room are three TV MONITORS, with color shots of MARS on their screens. Superimposed over the images are crosshair TARGET FINDERS. We SEE THREE TARGETS, as seen from space through high-powered lenses (similar to NASA satellite pictures of Earth terrain on weather forecasts): CHRYSE PLANITIA; PIONEER CITY; and THE CATACOMBS (the same SPHINX-LIKE STRUCTURE we saw in film's title sequence).

EARTH CONTROL VOICE (V.O.)
Lock missiles on target.

LIEUTENANT
(activates a switch)
Chryse Planitia locked.
(looks at Officer warily)

EARTH CONTROL VOICE (V.O.)
Lock target on Pioneer City.

LIEUTENANT
(activates switch)
Pioneer City locked.

EARTH CONTROL VOICE (V.O.)
Lock target on Point Paradox.

LIEUTENANT
(activates switch)
Point Paradox locked.

EARTH CONTROL VOICE (V.O.)
Stand on ALERT for further instructions.

LIEUTENANT
Sir? They really wouldn't... I mean... This is just a... bluff... isn't it?

COLONEL
Lieutenant, we're just here to follow orders.

INTERCUT:

INT. SANDSUB - NIGHT

They all sit hunched forward in tension, Bennie driving.

QUAIL
We're over an hour behind schedule, Bennie!

BENNIE
Can't be helped. The sand in the engine.

QUAIL
We are at the point of no return... If we go on to the Catacombs, there is no time to get back to Chryse Planitia and turn myself in.
(beat)
Either we go back now, or we push on and go for broke.

BENNIE
In for a penny, in for a pound.

MELINA
My mother warned me years ago -- never fall for an Earthman. Let's go for the whole omelette.

EXT. MARTIAN DESERT - NIGHT

The conning tower slices through the sand, pushing aside the numerous small rocks and leaving a wake of ripples behind it, like a huge mole, heading for the horizon.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDSUB - LATER

The three ride along, the tension and strain taking their toll. Abruptly, A BEEPING NOISE.

QUAIL
(alarmed)
What's that mean?

BENNIE
Just telling us we there.

Bennie flips a switch, the beeping stops -- and he intently studies another instrument up over their heads.

QUAIL
Are you sure?

BENNIE
Yeah, Boss.

QUAIL
Why are you still checking that thing out?

BENNIE
Tell you in a minute.

MELINA
We're there all right.

She points to the gauges. Quail looks closely at the gauge she's pointing to.

INSERT - CLOSE ON COMPASS (ON DASH). The needle is SPINNING WILDLY.

MELINA (CONT'D)
Point Paradox!

BENNIE
(still studying gauges)
This little gizmo I check out is different. Might get us inside.

QUAIL
(surprised)
How?

BENNIE
Well...it tell us if anybody right above us. If not, I get us in.

Bennie continues to study the instrumentation, as it performs some indecipherable little code function.

BENNIE
Okay, we clear.

Bennie pulls a lever on the dash, and he and Quail and Melina start TILTING BACK SLOWLY -- until they appear to be flat on their backs -- perpendicular to the roof of the car. But as the CAMERA PULLS BACK to a WIDER ANGLE, we can see that it is merely an illusion.

The entire vehicle is actually digging back into the sand, until it is perpendicular to the direction it was originally travelling.

Bennie touches the controls, and the vehicle starts burrowing straight up (through the sand) -- presumably towards the structure that is supposed to be now directly above them.

Suddenly the going seems to get tougher, and the vehicle starts moving slower and more sluggishly.

Abruptly the conical "nose cone" breaks through and up into:

INT. -AREA OF CATACOMBS - NIGHT

This area is the antechamber that leads into the central chamber of the Catacombs. The body of the sandsub itself has now completely emerged, and its quiet, whirring noise ceases.

The HATCH OPENS, and Quail, Bennie, and Melina slip STEALTHILY OUT OF THE SUB, into the room. They pull off their RESPIRATOR MASKS (which they had been wearing ever since the sand leak ladened the sub with dust).

They glance around.

THEIR POV - ANTECHAMBER OF SPHINX

It appears empty in all directions.

MELINA
It's completely deserted.

QUAIL
What do you expect at this hour of the morning? A maitre d'?

Quail gestures up ahead of them -- to a wall about thirty feet away, and moves towards it. The others follow.

MELINA
No guards at all?

BENNIE
With road blocked off, they figure nobody can get this far.

QUAIL
And the stone of the structure is four feet thick. They don't think anybody can break in.

They arrive at a large, odd-looking BOX on the wall -- a multi-million-year-old "FUSEBOX." With his laser pistol, Quail FIRES DIRECTLY INTO THE FUSEBOX, SEVERAL TIMES. The FACADE of the BOX MELTS, there is a SMALL ELECTRICAL EXPLOSION WITH SPARKS.

The dust clears. The Martian "fusebox" is destroyed -- and with a loud RUMBLE, a huge BRONZE DOOR -- an interior door -- slides open, revealing a series of TUNNELS.

This area is immediately recognizable to us: it is clearly the same, eerie translucent labyrinth we saw earlier in the film, in the TITLE SEQUENCE, and the last scanning session, by Brother Cassandro's Oracle Head.

THE CAMERA TRACKS with them as they enter the labyrinth. As they run, the TUNNELS BEGIN to SLANT DOWNWARD IN A CIRCULAR RAMP CONFIGURATION -- and as they slant, we notice a strange LIGHTING EFFECT: the light that plays over them seems to be MOVING IN A CIRCULAR MOTION (a luminous blue-green light).

Quail is followed directly by Bennie and Melina as THEY DESCEND DOWN THROUGH THE WHIRLPOOL OF LIGHT. (It REMINDS US of the water whirlpool in Quail's Dream Sequence.)

They reach the bottom of the TUNNELS, and find themselves in a COMPLETELY DIFFERENT LOOKING AREA NOW: THE WALLS ARE TOTALLY COVERED WITH BRONZE METAL. As Quail walks along in this area (followed by Bennie and Melina), HE SEES HIMSELF REFLECTED ON THE SLICK METALLIC BRONZE SURFACE OF THE WALLS: HE LOOKS DISTORTED: ELONGATED. He turns a corner and, from that different perspective of the WALLS' REFLECTIONS OF HIM, HE NOW LOOKS SHORT AND SQUAT.

(These distorted, reflected images REMIND US of the Carnival House of Mirrors segment of Quail's Dream Sequence.)

Now, up ahead, they SEE: a large DOOR that leads to the CENTRAL CHAMBER -- the one he put the bomb on in his dream. It is now destroyed, twisted, blown off its hinges. Work has been in progress to restore it, or at least make it passable: it has been shored up with timbers, and the rubble excavated out. A string of naked electric bulbs dangles from the ceiling, running into the chamber.

QUAIL
The door in the scanning -- the one I planted the bomb on.

Cautiously, they pass through the ruined door, Quail's gun raised.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Quail, Melina, and Bennie enter the huge room. Its walls glow orange. They pull off their respirators and STARE.

In the far end of the room, high on a pedestal, is a gigantic, bizarre-looking, alien MACHINE.

It is the same one we saw when Brother Cassandro scanned him -- that has the two large handles protruding up. Only, for the first time, we have a clear look at it; it is mind-boggling in its complexity; with flashing lights that put Kubrick's "2001" to shame. In sum: totally intimidating.

Quail stares at it.

QUAIL
That's it!

Once he has taken this in, he looks around the chamber. One wall is covered with alien-looking HIEROGLYPHICS. He scans past this and looks down at the floor -- where he SEES:

THE WELL. It is barely recognizable. The rim is caved in, and it is filled almost to the top with rubble.

Quail rushes to the well.

QUAIL
The missing piece -- it's down there somewhere.

Bennie whips a trench shovel out of his pack.

BENNIE
Let's go, Boss.

Bennie starts digging. Quail pulls out his own shovel and joins in. He hesitates long enough to glance at his watch.

QUAIL
Christ! The time!

INTERCUT:

INT. SATELLITE MISSILE BASE - SILO (NO WINDOWS)

This missile silo is dimly-lit, much of it in shadows. The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY along the length of the lethal missile. The effect, with all its implications, is sinister. As the CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING SLOWLY UP the long, long length of the missile, we HEAR the Lieutenant's VOICE OVER:

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
Minus seven minutes, twenty-nine seconds...

INTERCUT:

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

They have excavated the well almost completely. The three of them are filthy and exhausted. The bottom of the ruined well is filling with water.

Suddenly, Quail dips his hand into the slimy mud at the bottom, and pulls out -- THE BOX!

QUAIL
That's it! The missing piece!
(holds it up in triumph)

BENNIE
Hold it, Boss.

Quail and Melina turn toward him. He is holding his GUN on them.

BENNIE (CONT'D)
I'll take that.

QUAIL
(dumbfounded)
What the hell is this???

BENNIE
Sorry, Boss, E.I.O. I was your replacement after your first trip here.

QUAIL
I can't believe it! After all the times you saved my ass!
(beat)
And why did you help us get here?

BENNIE
Come on, Boss, be realistic. I needed you alive. Could have gotten here myself, but needed you to lead me to the missing piece.
(beat)
Can't let you use it.

MELINA
But you'll die, and the piece can't help the E.I.O. ... it will be destroyed in the blast.

BENNIE
(reasonable)
Don't think so.
(glances at his watch quickly)
Got six minutes to hustle out of here, get into sandsub, and burrow straight down, 1000 feet. Might survive. If I do, the piece is the missing link E.I.O. needs to help us develop our own generator... If I don't --
(beat)
It comes with the job. Hari-kari is honorable tradition in my background.

Quail stands there, transfixed, almost impossible for him to accept, that he's gotten this far -- to blow it all.

BENNIE (CONT'D)
Come on, Boss -- hand it over. Don't make me kill you three minutes before your time. You great guy -- I like to see you go out in style. Right under the big one, when it lands.
(beat)
Put it on the floor, and back off.

Melina looks frantic. Wearily, Quail puts the box on the floor in front of him, and backs away from it.

BENNIE
(gesturing his gun; to Melina)
You, too.

In a daze, Melina backs off.

Bennie reaches toward the box, his gun still leveled on Quail.

QUAIL
Don't open it.

BENNIE
(laughs)
You wouldn't want me to go home empty-handed.

He opens it.

There is a tremendous ELECTRICAL SIZZLING NOISE. Bennie SCREAMS in agony and falls over, dropping the box.

QUAIL
I saw that three seconds ago.

Quail rushes forward, reaching for the box. Melina grabs his arm, stopping him.

MELINA
Don't touch it!

QUAIL
It's all right, I can open it.
It's keyed to my fingerprints.
I boobytrapped it

He opens the box. He and Melina see what's inside, but we can't. They look at each other in surprise.

QUAIL
A tape.

He reaches in, does something, and withdraws his hand. The tape begins talking:

TAPE
Hauser, this is Hauser talking. Listen carefully: There is no missing piece. But you can still activate the generator. I repeat -- there is no missing piece. But you can still activate the generator. All you have to do is ZZZZ..... and you can make it, though it's a tight fit ZZZZZZ..... and you can ZZZZZZ.....

QUAIL
Goddamnit! No! It's damaged. The bomb I planted. I thought it was far enough away.

He rewinds it and plays the critical part once more.

TAPE
... is no missing piece. But you can still activate the generator. I repeat -- there is no missing piece. But you can still activate the generator. All you have to do is ZZZZ..... and you can make it, though it's a tight fit ZZZZZZ ..... and you can ZZZZZZ.....

INTERCUT:

EXT. SATELLITE MISSILE BASE - OUTER SPACE

Three giant METAL PANELS (the "doors" to the earlier seen MISSILE SILOS) are simultaneously SLIDING OPEN, on the orbiting space station.

The open panels now expose: nuclear missiles.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY FROM the uncovered missiles TO outer space, the target: Mars. It looms close, a red orb, quietly sitting.

VOICE OVER
Two minutes... seven seconds...

INTERCUT:

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

While Quail is feverishly working with the recorder, Melina has noticed something about the hieroglyphics on the wall... that makes her become intensely interested in them. She studies them with extreme care, as Quail is replaying the recorded message, trying desperately to make out more of the words.

MELINA
(excited)
Doug -- I think I've got the answer.

QUAIL
(frantic)
How? what?!

MELINA
Come over here. It's here -- on the wall.

Quail comes over.

MELINA (CONT'D)
I've never seen photos of these. They've kept them hidden.

QUAIL
(studying a picto-gram of a humanoid on the wall)
This is exactly how the mutants being tested were gripping the machine -- on the TV tape.

MELINA
The missing piece is a man!

QUAIL
(impatient)
Nc! They've tried that. It kills the man. You need the right piece inserted before you grip the bar.

MELINA
Maybe not. Maybe you just need -- the right man. Maybe -- you're the missing piece.

QUAIL
You grab the bar and die! You've seen it. If I grab it, my eardrums will blow out, and I'll have a cerebral hemmorhage.

MELINA
But the image on the wall means it is a specific man. A special man.
(she points to some marking right next to the humanoid image)
That's what this sign here means.

QUAIL
What makes you think it's me?

MELINA
Remember what the Oracle Head said: 'There's a reason you have to go to the Catacombs yourself.' ... And on the tape you said: 'There is no missing piece. But you can still activate the generator.'
(beat)
Why did they erase your brain -- instead of just killing you? Why are they willing to blow up half of Mars to get you back?

INTERCUT:

INT. SATELLITE MISSILE BASE

The three video TARGET SCREENS are FLASHING RHYTHMICALLY with a superimposed PRE-LAUNCH SYMBOL.

The LIEUTENANT at the control board. The COLONEL standing behind him. The Lieutenant is frozen in horror, he looks to the Colonel.

LIEUTENANT
Sir, they mean to do it! This isn't a bluff! My God! They've gone mad!

COLONEL
You're a soldier. A soldier follows orders.

EARTH CONTROL VOICE (V.O.)
Approaching zero hour. Starting final countdown. Five...four...three...two... one...fire.

COLONEL
(to Lieutenant)
Fire!

LIEUTENANT
(looks up, anguished)
I can't!

COLONEL
God dammit! I said fire!
(reaches down, presses the button)

EXT. SATELLITE MISSILE BASE - SPACE

A MISSILE blazes out of the firing tube, belching flames, headed towards Mars. And another...and another.

COLONEL (V.O.)
Missile One launched--Missile Two launched... Missile Three launched... And God help us all....

INTERCUT:

INT. CATACOMBS - CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Melina and Quail are still staring at each other, standing right next to the machine.

QUAIL
(intense, frightened; looks at his watch)
It's zero hour. The missiles have been fired.

He stares at the bar on the machine.

CLOSE - QUAIL

beads of sweat on his forehead, apprehension in his eyes.

SUDDENLY HE GRABS THE BARS.

A LOW HUMMING SOUND BEGINS. IT RISES IN FREQUENCY, TURNING INTO A SIZZLING ELECTRICAL BUZZ THAT MAKES OUR TEETH ACHE.

THE TWO HANDLES SUDDENLY LIGHT UP WITH A BLAZING YELLOW-ORANGE GLOW, WHICH SPREADS DOWN QUAIL'S ARMS.

HIS WHOLE BODY GOES TENSE, SEIZING UP SO THAT ALL HIS MUSCLES AND TENDONS STAND OUT LIKE STEEL CORDS. HIS HAIR STANDS OUT ON END LIKE A VIOLENT ELECTRICAL CHARGE, AND HE GRIMACES HORRIBLY, CLENCHING HIS TEETH TOGETHER SO HARD IT SEEMS HE WILL BREAK THEM, AND HE GROANS IN EXTREMITY. HIS EYES SUDDENLY FLAME WITH A DAZZLING IRIDESCENT YELLOW-ORANGE LIGHT -- A SUNBURST --

INTERCUT:

EXT. CATACOMBS - NIGHT

THE SPHINX IS ENVELOPED WITH A VIOLENT YELLOW-ORANGE LUMINESCENCE -- A KIND OF FORCE FIELD SURROUNDING IT AND EMANATING FROM IT. SUDDENLY THE GLOW RADIATES OUTWARD -- SHOOTING UP INTO THE SKY.

INTERCUT:

EXT. MARS - SEEN FROM OUTER SPACE

A sphere against blackness. (SAME ANGLE AS ILLUSTRATION #3, BELOW)

At first the red planet looks normal. Then, swiftly, the yellow-orange GLOW SPREADS ACROSS THE PLANET UNTIL THE ENTIRE WORLD IS GLOWING WITH A KIND OF AURA.

INTERCUT:

EXT. MARS - CLOSER - SEEN FROM LOW ORBIT

(SAME ANGLE AS ILLUSTRATION #1, BELOW)

THE CURVE OF THE HORIZON CUTS ACROSS THE SCREEN, BENEATH THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE. THE YELLOW-ORANGE GLOW COVERS IT, AS IF THE ATMOSPHERE WERE ON FIRE. THE GLOW FORMS STRANGE GRID PATTERNS, A WEB OF ENERGY, LIKE THE AURORA BOREALIS, LIKE THE HUGEST MAGNETIC FIELD EVER SEEN.

INTERCUT:

EXT. MAIN BOULEVARD IN CHRYSE PLANITIA - NIGHT

All of Chryse Planitia is standing in the streets, looking up at the sky in terror and awe. THEIR FACES ARE ILLUMINATED BY THE VIVID YELLOW-ORANGE GLOW. THEIR EYES ARE WIDE WITH ASTONISHMENT AND THEIR MOUTHS SAG OPEN.

INTERCUT:

EXT. SPACE

CLOSE: MISSILE, FALLING - HURTLING TOWARD CHRYSE PLANITIA.

INTERCUT:

EXT. MARS - SEEN FROM LOW ORBIT

(SAME ANGLE AS ILLUSTRATION #1, BELOW)

The curve of Mars' horizon -- the shifting force field above it, like a yellow-glowing atmosphere --

A THERMONUCLEAR FIREBALL BLOSSOMS!!

INTERCUT:

INT. EARTH MISSILE SATELLITE

COLONEL (V.O.)
Missile One detonated on target.

INTERCUT:

EXT. MARS - SEEN FROM HIGH ORBIT

(SEE ILLUSTRATION #2)

We are now seeing maybe 1/20th of the arc of Mars.
A SECOND THERMONUCLEAR EXPLOSION BLOOMS AGAINST THE PLANET.

COLONEL (V.O.)
Missile Two detonated on target.

INTERCUT:

EXT. MARS - SEEN FROM OUTER SPACE

(SEE ILLUSTRATION #3)

The totality of Mars as seen from distance. TWO FIRE-BALLS -- THE ONES THAT HAVE ALREADY STRUCK -- BOIL ON THE PLANET; AND AS WE WATCH, A THIRD EXPLODES.

COLONEL (V.O.)
Missile Three detonated on target.

INTERCUT:

EXT. MARS - SEEN FROM LOW ORBIT

(SEE ILLUSTRATION #1)

AT FIRST IT APPEARS THAT MISSILE #1 HAS EXPLODED ON THE HORIZON.

THEN WE REALIZE -- IT HAS NOT STRUCK THE PLANET ITSELF -- IT HAS BURST AGAINST THE FORCE FIELD! -- THAT THE FIREBALL DOES NOT PENETRATE THROUGH THE MAGNETIC AURA -- THAT THE SKY BENEATH IT IS CLEAR!

THE BOMB HAS EXPLODED AGAINST THE FORCE FIELD, STOPPED DEAD BY THE YELLOW-ORANGE AURA.

Now it is apparent: Earth missiles are not able to penetrate the strange aura that surrounds the entire planet.

INTERCUT:

INT. EARTH MISSILE SATELLITE

The Colonel is now in the control seat, the young Lieutenant standing beside him in an inconsolable state of anxiety.

The Colonel looks at the TV MONITORS with disbelief. The Lieutenant studies them intently.

COLONEL
Correction. Correction. Missiles detonated short of target. Missiles detonated in space.

A hopeful look from the young Lieutenant.

EARTH CONTROL VOICE (V.O.)
What is the problem?

The Colonel looks at the Lieutenant who wears a very reserved smile. The Colonel in turn seems to have softened his hardness.

COLONEL
(calmly)
Missiles have encountered unknown force field twenty miles above planet.

INTERCUT:

INT. U.N. OFFICE - EARTH - DAY

ADVISOR
(talking to someone who is OFFSCREEN; pause--under his breath)
God damn it! He did it! The son-of-a-bitch did it!

INTERCUT:

INT. SATELLITE MISSILE BASE

The Lieutenant and the Colonel are still at the console.

EARTH CONTROL VOICE (V.O.)
Fire new wave of missiles at the same designated targets, immediately. Do you read? Immediately!

The Colonel starts to press a button, as the Lieutenant gently holds his wrist.

LIEUTENANT
Uh, sir? Do you mind if I do that?
(smiling)
After all, it is my job.

COLONEL
(grinning)
By all means, Lieutenant.
(shrugs shoulders, indicates button is all his)

The LIEUTENANT PRESSES THE BUTTON GINGERLY as they are both smiling broadly now.

INTERCUT:

EXT. CHRYSE PLANITIA - NIGHT

(SEE ILLUSTRATION #4)

This is a long shot of entire city dome, showing it sitting on the vast desert plain, with a row of mountains in the b.g.

The sky above GLOWS and shifts with the eerie force field; and

HOVERING IN THE SKY, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, IS A BOILING THERMONUCLEAR FIREBALL. IT IS CUT OFF AT THE BOTTOM -- LIKE A SPLIT APPLE -- JUST AS IF IT HAS EXPLODED ON TOP OF A SHEET OF GLASS -- which in effect it has.

INTERCUT:

EXT. CHRYSE PLANITIA STREET SCENE - NIGHT

The multitude of people in the streets are talking excitedly, almost hysterically, pointing at the sky.

INTERCUT:

MONTAGE: They fire three more missiles, which once again explode impotently against the force field -- right next to the previous fireballs, which are now expanding into mushroom clouds.

With the yellow-orange glow fringing the red planet in the deep blackness of space, and the huge explosions detonating one after another, it gives the feeling of an awesomely large "Space Fireworks" display.

INTERCUT:

INT. U.N. OFFICE - EARTH - DAY

ADVISOR
(talking to someone who is OFFSCREEN; frustrated)
This is going to collapse our Economy.

INTERCUT:

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Quail is gripping the handles, in a trance. Melina is cowering in fear and awe. Then...he drops the handles. His entire body goes limp.

He opens his eyes and looks at Melina.

QUAIL
It will remain that way now. Permanently.

MELINA
(staring at him in wonder)
The prophecy of the hieroglyphics was fulfilled.

QUAIL
But why me? Why am I the catalyst to the generator?

MELINA
Why Einstein? Why Da Vinci? ...
Why Christ? You were destined.
(beat)
You're the Martian Messiah.

SLOW ZOOM INTO:

CLOSE ON QUAIL

He wears a sly, Humphrey Bogart-type, bemused sneer.

QUAIL
(wryly)
I never believed in God -- until I thought I could be one.

PULL BACK

MELINA
You're going to be Hell to live with.
(beat)
Or does this God need a partner?

QUAIL
Sure. Once in a while I'll need to get -- scanned.

Melina puts her arms around his neck.

MELINA
In my day we called it something else.

They kiss and the audience cheers (hopefully).

RUN CREDITS.

The End